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THANKSGIVING.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

O'er all the borders of the land
I hear a happy voicing,
That tells Thanksgiving is at hand,
The echo of rejoicing;
The children throng from different ways,
The homestead once more seeking,
And find in these Thanksgiving days
A joy beyond their speaking.

And Mary brings her first-born child;
And Charley from the city,
A little boyish still, and wild,
Is full of freaks and witty;
The girls are drawn aside in pairs—
It seems as if in dozens—
And yellow lounge and rocking-chairs
Are filled with country cousins.

The apples glow upon the hearth,
The nuts are cracked for eating,
The young enjoy the things of earth,
The old are gone to meeting,
The pie is yellow on the shelf,
The turkey slowly browning,
The housemaid chatters to herself,
Half smiling and half frowning.

At last the dinner-hour is seen,
And each, a seat possessing,
Waits with hushed lips and reverent mein
While father asks the blessing;
The cider foams within the glass,
For no good thing is lacking,
And grown-up boys and old-time lass
The oldest jokes are cracking—

The jokes which never can grow stale,
And never should be fewer;
Each repetition cannot fail
To make them fresher, newer;
And merry laugh to merry jest
Brings back from roof and rafter
The latest still, the very best,
And greeted with fresh laughter.

We watch the olden features dear,
Seeking to find time's traces,
And loved ones come from far and near
To fill the vacant places;
We think of dear ones gone before,
And joy to see the living;
And sunshine creeps across the floor,
And this is our Thanksgiving.

We thank the dear God for his gifts,
He fills our cup with pleasure;
Whatever comes, His hand uplifts
The sunshine's golden treasure;
And in the chill days of the year
We gratefully remember
The rays which burned in Summer clear
Still brighten our November.

Let others see His chastening hand,
And seek His pathways blindly;
We view His plenty in the land,
And know He dealeth kindly.
Fill up the grate, and heap the board
With treasures of his giving,
The mellow Autumn's ripened hoard,
The blessings of Thanksgiving.

Around are some with silver hairs
We knew when earth seemed dearer,
Who, standing on life's stair-stairs,
Have grown to heaven nearer.
Oh, beautiful the locks of snow
Above the table-holding,
Which only wait the time to go,
And whiten for ascending.

The day is passed in happy games—
Puss-in-the-corner, nimble;
The apple-seeds one party names,
While others hunt the thimble;
But blindman's-buff comes on at night,
Far happier than the others;
With bandaged eyes and hidden sight,
It banishes its brothers.

A push, a shove, and on the floor
The merry party tumble—
One bangs her head against the door,
But none are heard to grumble.
Ah! half our lives is blindman's-buff
We play, and never know it;
We bind our eyes with tinsy stuff,
The rhyming of the poet.

The night draws on, the mirthful fun
Grows faster still, and faster;
The guests fall off, as one by one
The sleepy eyelids master:
The old folks give the farewell grasp,
The young folks follow after,
And sleep has foisted in its clasp
The eyes which brimmed with laughter.

The silence creeps with soft-shod feet
Above each dreaming sleeper,
And visions, with fantastic sweet,
The night-time fancies deeper;
They hear a near and glad refrain
Of happy, chiming jingle,
Of holidays to come again,
The laughter of Kris Kringle.

The midnight comes, Thanksgiving's o'er,
The hours are on record rifled,
Still tending toward the distant shore,
Where all life's days are drifted:
Time flies; we part with those we love,
Nor meet, perchance, while living—
God grant that in the home above
We yet may find Thanksgiving.

VIOLET MILDMAY;

OR,

IN THE SPIDER'S WEB.

A THRILLING ROMANCE OF LOVE, DECEIT AND CRIME.

CHAPTER XVI.

These be strange doings!
A riddler might read them, if chance were with him. BUTLER.

It is not to be supposed that Captain Howard Murpoint had deserted his post of observation at this critical time on a matter of no moment. The captain had commenced to play his game in earnest, and, that he might be able to throw down none of the trump cards, he made known his intention of riding over on the chestnut to the market town of Tenby.

Had he even been aware that Mr. Leicester would carry out his yachting intentions on that day, it is probable that he would still have kept to his plan; for the captain was a firm believer in the proverb "Delays are dangerous," and he considered it a step he was necessary, never hesitated about taking it.

Consequently, after breakfast he mounted the chestnut and rode off, waving his white, well-gloved hand to the ladies, and smiling with the serenity of a mind at ease and a heart innocent of guile.

On his way through the village, the smile sat upon his features and beamed out upon everyone he came across. He stopped, like an amiable gentleman, at the "Blue Lion," to exchange a word with Polly; he tossed a threepenny piece with the air of a Peabody to a child in the gutter; and he gave "good-day" to a policeman lounging at the door in so sweet a voice that the man felt quite uncomfortable.

Then, when he had got beyond the village, the smile disappeared, and the chestnut felt the whip, in which the captain tied three good hard knots, across its sleek sides. It was useless to remonstrate by jib or shy; for the captain was a good rider, and repaid all such rebellion with good interest in spurs and slashes.

He was in a hurry, and he soon impressed it upon the horse, who tore into Tenby all on fire with surprise and anger at its novel treatment.

The captain stabled his steed, and, took a glass of ale at the "Royal George," after which he strolled through the town. It was an old-fashioned place, but there were some good shops, amongst them an apparently well-stocked stationer's. To this the captain directed his steps, and, sauntering in, purchased some paper and envelopes, also some ink and pens and pencils, and seemed inclined to purchase anything to which the shopman—an obliging fellow—called his attention. But, though he had got paper, pens, ink, pencils and blotting-pad, and about twenty other articles, the particular thing which he had set his mind upon obtaining was not yet in his possession. At last he began to feel his way. He was going to practice the art of making a suggestion, and pretending that he received it from someone else.

"Is this writing-paper strong?" he asked.

"Yes, sir; it is very good paper," replied the man.

"Hem!" said the captain; "would last a long time, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yes, sir," said the man. "It is a very durable paper—the best that is made."

"And would stand the water?" asked the captain carelessly.

"Well," hesitated the shopman, "no paper will do that satisfactorily. Parchment is the only thing that will stand water and damp."

"Oh, parchment!" said the captain with pleasant interest. "Have you any parchment? I am going to make a list of goods—curiosities and such like—to send over seas, and I am afraid that paper might be destroyed."

"Oh, parchment is the thing, sir," said the man, and he took a roll of the same from a drawer.

"There is some, sir," said he, "but it is rather faded. The fact is, we are not often asked for it, and this has been in the house for some time. If it is of any use to you, I will charge you less than the usual price for it."

"No," he said; "I think paper will do." Then he raised his eyes to a shelf behind the shopkeeper's head, and said suddenly: "Is that sealing-wax up there? I think I'll have some."

The man reached a ladder and climbed up for it. While his back was turned Captain Murpoint skillfully abstracted a sheet of parchment from the heap and slid it into his pocket, coughing the while to cover the sound of the crisp rustle, and flinging his umbrella down upon the remainder, so as to account for the sound if his cough had not covered it.

The shopman descended quite unsuspiciously, however, and the captain, having added the sealing-wax and some red tape to his purchases, took his leave, refusing all the obliging stationer's offers to send the parcel home, and carrying it in his hand.

From the High street he then made a slight divergence to one of the smaller thoroughfares, and sauntered down it with a cigar in his mouth and a parcel under his arm. At last he paused before a small general shop, which displayed in its little window a sample of some of its varied stock. To the captain's comprehensive eye there seemed to be everything in that window, from a bottle of brandy-balls to a bonnet-shape. Making his way through the low doorway, he purchased several small articles, and then inquired in the most natural manner for a flour-dredger.

"I do not know what it is," he added with a smile, as the good woman looked rather surprised; "but I have been commissioned to purchase one for a lady."

"Certainly, sir," said the woman; and she produced a flour-dredger.

The captain examined it with a smile.

"I suppose it is all right," he said; and he had it packed up with his other purchases. Then, still with a humility which all gentlefolks would do well to copy, he insisted upon carrying this parcel also, and dropped it into the capacious pocket of his light overcoat.

With a sigh of absolute relief—for, though the incident was seemingly trivial, he had effected a good deal in obtaining a sheet of parchment and a flour-dredger without attracting attention—he returned to the "Royal George," and sat down to a nice light luncheon. If after events rendered the captain's proceedings on this day important, he felt that he was secure. The stationer, if asked, could swear that he had not sold the captain a sheet of parchment, and the old woman at the general shop could not fairly be expected to remember the sale of a flour-dredger among the thousand and one articles which would pass over her counter. So the captain enjoyed his luncheon and lit a cigar. When it was half smoked an idea seemed to strike him, and, ordering his horse, he mounted again.

On his way home, a very little distance from his route, lay Coombe Lodge. The captain was a gallant gentleman, and he thought it would only be a delicate piece of attention if he called to inquire after Lady Lackland's health. Her ladyship was in, as he had fully expected her to be, and the captain was ushered into the drawing room. Lady Lackland was seated by the window, engaged in reading one of the last novels by her favorite author, and received the captain very graciously. After earnest inquiries after her ladyship's headache, the captain gave an amusing and highly-colored account of his trip to Tenby, introducing and inventing half a dozen little serio-comic incidents, which, though they did not occur, highly amused the Countess.

"I am sorry Ethel and Fitz are out," she said, as the captain rose to go. "I suppose, however, you did not expect to find them at home?"

She smiled interrogatively.

"No," he said; "I was not aware ——"

"Indeed!" said the Countess. "Did you not know that they were going yachting with Mr. Leicester Dodson and Mrs. Mildmay?"

The captain certainly did not know it, and shrugged his shoulders with a smile.

"No, indeed," he said. "Ah, my dear Lady Lackland, these very young people are so impulsive! They arranged their little pleasure-trip after I had started this morning, seeing that the weather was fine—though," he added, glancing at the window, "I think we may have a storm."

Lady Lackland looked at him thoughtfully. She was a very clever woman, and, with the acuteness of her kind, she recognized the same quality in the captain.

As she looked at him, while he stood, hat in hand, hand on hip, his shrewd and peculiarly masterful face smiling serenely at the sky, she thought him a man worth conciliation, and, perhaps, of confidence.

"Mrs. Mildmay has gone," she said. "Mr. Dodson rode over this morning and fetched Fitz and Ethel."

"Oh!" said the captain significantly. "Very impulsive young man, my dear lady; very excellent, clever young man, but impulsive. He has been badly brought up in a selfish circle, and, I am afraid, has acquired a considerable amount of wilfullness, and—shall I add, fickleness?"

"What do you mean?" asked Lady Lackland with soft abruptness. "Do you think Mr. Leicester is obstinate and a flirt?"

"The very word, my dear lady," said the captain as softly, and sinking into the seat beside her. "I am very interested in Mr. Leicester," he continued, swinging his hat gently and looking up into the countess' face under his deeply-pencilled eyebrows. "Very, I could tell you why—perhaps you can guess. To be candid, my dear Lady Lackland, as I told you the other evening, I am poor John Mildmay's truest friend. I was to have been his daughter-in-law's legal guardian; and, though his sudden death prevented him bequeathing her welfare to my care, I still feel for her the affection and anxiety of a father. Ah, how can I do otherwise when, by her every look and gesture, by her every smile and tone, she calls me, of my dear, lost friend?"

He wiped his moustache and his eyes with his fine cambric pocket-handkerchief, and, after a gentle sigh, resumed:

"I am a blunt, plain-spoken man, my dear lady. I was nurtured in a blunt school. We are a simple-minded, plain-going class in Madras, and I must speak my mind when I see my friend's child in danger of the enemy."

Lady Lackland, whose eyes had been averted, sought his face with a mild but astute look of inquiry.

"Understand me," he hastened to add. "When I say 'enemy' I do not mean to designate Mr. Leicester Dodson, but the class he represents. I know of no greater misfortune for a simple, natural, and I may say good-looking girl like Violet Mildmay, than an intimacy, to describe it in no warmer terms, with a handsome flirt like Leicester Dodson."

He paused. The Countess, who was intensely interested, managed to conceal her eagerness by a languid smile, and leant back.

"One cannot suppose for a minute," continued the captain, "that a man of the world like Leicester Dodson can entertain any serious intention of making a proposal to Violet. No, my dear lady; men of his class strike at higher game." He paused, and did not fail to notice the sudden drooping of the wily Countess' eyelids. "They, or their fathers, have made money by trade, and with that money they demand—they look to purchase—rank. It is their ambition. They have it instilled into them with the food of their infancy; they look forward to it as the final goal of their endeavors. Yes, Leicester Dodson intends to marry rank, and," he continued in a lower voice and with a subtle significance, "and will do so, if some foolish flirtation does not act as a stumbling-block."

The Countess raised her face languidly.

She understood the captain, and she began to see that he was on her side.

He meant by his delicate confidence to warn her that, if the flirtation between Leicester Dodson the millionaire's son and Violet Mildmay the merchant's daughter were not stopped, the Countess would lose the aforesaid Leicester and his moneybags for her daughter, Lady Ethel.

Oh, yes, she understood him, and she was anxious enough to step it and to secure the golden goose—but how?—but how?

The captain continued:

"I may describe the position of Violet as very similar, yet with a difference. She, my dear lady—though I, no biased party, should not give it utterance, perhaps—is a most charming and lovable girl; but she is simple—simple in the extreme, unsophisticated. She would be the first to be led away and deceived into thinking a foolish flirtation, a midsummer day's flirtation, a serious love affair, and a binding engagement. Now, I am sure that must be a thing most repugnant to you, and intended for a different end, and may I say a happier and more suitable fate?

"Often and often have I heard my dead friend John declare that his daughter should win for herself a coronet fitting for her beauty and her wealth. It was the ambition, the object of his life. 'My daughter shall be a lady, Howard,' he has said to me many and many a time when we have been smoking a cheroot under the verandah of his Calcutta home, 'my daughter shall be a lady; and all I pray for is that I may live to be grandfather to a lord.' Do not despise him, my dear lady; it was a pardonable, a worthy ambition; and far be it from me to smile at his darling wish, who have in my own composition so great a respect for the nobility of my native land.

"Not only to me, but to others, he has given expression to that wish; and the last time I saw him—that eventful morning when he sailed, in health and spirits, for England—he used the same words, uttered the same prayer. So, you see, my dear Lady Lackland, that if Violet reverences her dead father's wish, and bears within her heart one scrap of love and respect for his dying wish, she will not modify it by marrying Leicester Dodson or any other commoner; unless," added the captain, "she were carried away by those fee ings which are mistaken by inexperienced girls for the promptings of love."

Lady Lackland mused for a minute or two, then she said with a peculiar smile:

"It is a pity you are not her legally constituted guardian, Captain Murpoint."

The captain smiled, sighed, and shook his head.

"I am spared a tremendous responsibility," he said, rising, and preparing for his last stroke. "I suppose the young people will be home soon. The clouds are getting thicker and darker. By the way, did you say that Mr. Leicester Dodson came over himself this morning?"

"Yes," said the Countess.

The captain smoothed his hat.

"I hope you will not think the less of him for what I have said, my dear lady."

"Oh, no!" said Lady Lackland; "not in any way. Besides, you have not said much," she added—"only that he is somewhat of a flirt."

"And that you have noticed yourself?" said the captain with that eagerness—"you who have so many better opportunities of noticing him in the society which you so much adorn."

"Yes" said Lady Lackland. "I think perhaps that he is a flirt. He would be a very eligible young man if he were a little more steadfast; but one cannot put old heads on young shoulders, Captain Murpoint."

"No, no," said the captain. And with a delicate emphasis he shook hands and took his leave, repeating to himself Lady Lackland's reply as he went. Ing to himself Lady Lackland's reply as he went. It was not a very important one; but we shall see how, by deftly twisting and turning it, Captain Murpoint effected a great deal with it.

CHAPTER XVII.

The serpent, while it charmed by grace and beauty,
Stung the heir bosom, and by its vile arts
Wrecked fond hopes and good intentions.

As the captain rode home the storm gathered and broke upon him. The wind nearly blew him from his horse, and the rain nearly saturated him. He had been, it coming while sitting in Lady Lackland's drawing-room, instilling cunning and ambitious hope into her ready ears, but he had not contemplated its proximity or its force. He was astonished at its violence, and made extremely thoughtful and anxious.

"They will get it tremendously hot out at sea," he muttered. "I'll go on to the cliff and look about."

And with a grave and curious expression on his face, he put his startled and affrighted horse towards the cliffs. When he had proceeded almost to the edge he could see very little, for the blinding rain beat across his face and cast a mist over the seascape, but he could hear the roar of the waves and catch the gleaming of the white foam-heads occasionally.

"Very hot!" he muttered again, growing pale and red by turns, as a multitude of conflicting emotions, good and evil, rose within him.

He turned his horse and rode straight for the Park. Here he found the servants in a state of confusion and alarm, and learnt that the ladies had not yet come home. Without dismounting, he galloped down the steep hill to the beach, which presented a picturesque scene enough, but a sufficiently significant one. Just within reach of the spray stood a small crowd, composed of the fishermen and their wives and children and the principal part of the village. Lower down, and seemingly in the foremost waves themselves, were Willie Sanderson and two or three of his mates, vainly endeavoring to launch one of the boats. By their side, in close and agitated conversation with Mr. Starling, was Jemmie, Sanderson's lame brother. The captain spurred his horse across the stones, and shouted, loud enough to be heard above the roar of the waves:

"Has the yacht come in?"

Willie Sanderson shook his head, and significantly pointed seawards.

Jem Starling came up and touched his hat, and, belowing hoarsely in the captain's ear, said:

"No; she ain't come in, sir, and these chaps be all in a regular state about her. They say ——"

But the captain was too anxious as to the situation to receive anything second-hand, and beckoned imperiously to Willie Sanderson, who came up to him.

"Do you think there is any danger?" asked the captain in a voice slightly tremulous.

Willie Sanderson shook his head gravely.

"Can't say exactly, sir. All depends upon where she be. I know as the skipper said they were to sail south and took course. If they be by now, and ——"

"Well, well?" asked the captain with feverish eagerness.

"Well, then, may Heaven help 'em!" said Willie solemnly.

The captain's white, strong hand clutched the reins tightly, and his thin lips compressed with restrained emotion. If the yacht were on the North Reef she would be wrecked, and in all probability Violet, her aunt, and Leicester Dodson, Fitz and Lady Ethel would be drowned. In the eventualities, the results, and the personal consequences of such a fatality rushed through the captain's brain, and Jem, who was standing by the horse's head watching his master, saw a gleam of fiendish joy flash across the pale, masterful face. Perhaps the captain knew that he had seen it, for the next instant his face had assumed a look of alarm and anxiety, and, with a burst of excitement not altogether feigned, he flung himself from the saddle, shouting:

"Launch the boat! We must go to her. Who volunteers?"

The men looked out to sea, then shook their heads.

"No boat could live in this, sir," shouted Willie Sanderson; "and if she could, by the time we'd get to the North Reef the storm would be over. Lookee now; its clearing off a bit to northward."

Then the captain gave way to a paroxysm of grief that might well have deceived a more acute and experienced observer than the old fisherman, and which did, indeed, deceive Jem Starling.

The captain clasped his hands, and flung himself on his knees, as if praying to Heaven for the lives of his dear friends, and at last burst into tears, which he in vain endeavored to conceal with his white handkerchief. After a while, and when the darkness and fury of the storm had somewhat abated, the warm-hearted gentleman rose and busied himself in a more practical way.

He ordered some of the men to run up the cliffs and help to loot out, while he watched Jem to the Park, to see that fires were lighted in the ladies' rooms, and that refreshment was prepared; for of course it was far beyond dinner-time, and that meal, much to the captain's secret disgust, was spoiled.

The storm abated and passed off as rapidly as it had gathered and burst, and the wet crowd, about an hour afterwards, had the extreme pleasure of descrying a white speck on the horizon, which soon grew to be the familiar form of the "Petrel."

She sailed in, with all her canvas crowded, looking as unconcerned as a swan on a lake after an April shower, and the crowd burst into a cheer of mingled excitement and admiration.

But the captain had determined that there should be a little display of emotion, and therefore, when the "Petrel" ran into the little rude harbor, he hurried forward and sprang on to her deck, his two hands outstretched to grasp Violet and Mrs. Mildmay, with his face pale and grateful.

"My dear Violet"—it was the first time he had so addressed her, and even in the excitement of the moment and the whirl of her own feelings Violet and some of the others noticed it—"my dear Violet, how alarmed, how dreadfully alarmed I have been! Thank Heaven, you are safe. My dear madam, you must be exhausted," and so, with soft but emphatic gratitude and anxiety, he went from one to the other of the ladies, while Leicester, in command of the vessel, was seeing that she was made secure.

When he was free he turned to where Fitz and Bertie were assisting the ladies to alight, and eyed the captain with a calm, keen scrutiny.

"Alarmed, were you, Captain Murpoint?" he said in his grand, clear voice. "What would you have been if you had been obliged to be with us?" and a slight sneer curled his lip.

"Not so much alarmed or so anxious," said the captain, with a smile that was a finished piece of calm reproach. "For I should at least have had the satisfaction of sharing in the danger of my friends."

Leicester smiled grimly, and stooped to lend Violet his hand over the gangway.

"A poor satisfaction, captain. There was not much danger, or, if there was, it did not last long. The 'Petrel' will see out many a worse Summer gale than this. But I am sorry," he added, addressing Mrs. Mildmay with a much more eager tone in his voice, "I am so sorry you should have been so alarmed and made so uncomfortable! What can I say or do to win your forgiveness?"

"Oh," said Mrs. Mildmay good-naturedly, "I was not very much alarmed—indeed, I did not know of the danger till it was passed. And I was not uncomfortable: Violet need not have been, either, had she been less willful. I am sure it was very comfortable in the cabin—much more comfortable than on deck in the wet. I hope she will not catch cold," and she glanced affectionately to where Violet was standing on the beach, talking in short monosyllables to the captain, who was enveloping her in wraps and overwhelming her with paternal attentions.

Leicester's eyes followed in the same direction, and, as he looked at the beautiful face, so pale and dreamy, heavy with the fatigue of past excitement, his soul seemed to go out of his eyes and off to hers.

She turned and met his gaze; but the color did not reach her face, though her heart stirred.

"Miss Mildmay seems very tired," said Leicester in a low voice. "I hope the day and excitement will not be too much for her. I—I think," he added gravely, "that the sooner she gets home the better. And—ah, here is the carriage," he said. And he ran up the beach as the carriage Jem had ordered drove up to the parade.

He held the door as Mrs. Mildmay and Violet entered; but, though his dark eyes sought hers, Violet's made him no return, and her "good-bye" was as dreamy and indistinct as her gaze.

Leicester returned to the "Petrel" to assist Lady Ethel in a state of mind not enviable.

He, so calm, so self-reliant, could not understand and properly estimate the force of a new emotion upon a young spirit innocent as yet of all passions and mental throes.

"I'll drive you home, lady Ethel, if you are too tired," he said; "but if you are not, my mother will be delighted beyond measure to make you comfortable. What do you say, Fitz? Will you take refuge with us for to-night? I'll ride over to Coombe Lodge and set Lady Lackland's fears at rest."

Now, Fitz was very willing to stay so near Violet Mildmay, and Ethel was not unwilling to shorten the intercourse with Leicester's strong will exacted for them, and it followed that they were on their way to the Cedars while he was galloping towards Coombe Lodge, to apprize Lady Lackland of her children's safety and their whereabouts; also to order a box of clothes, which Ethel declared were positively necessary.

The captain's attentions continued during the journey home, and even to the door of the ladies' rooms; for he insisted that they should take precautions against colds, and in his quiet, unassuming way saw that their comforts were attended to. So it followed that Violet's maid was waiting with hot water, a fire to roast an ox, and an amount of commiseration altogether too much for Violet's patience.

The first thing she did was to throw up the window and lean out upon her white, well-rounded arms; the next, after inhaling a long breath of the storm-freshened air, was to request Marie to suppress the fire as quickly as possible.

"But, miss, the captain was most particular ——"

"In scorching me alive. Take the coals off, or I shall be suffocated," said Violet, quietly; adding, with some slight irritation: "Did Captain Murpoint request you to make all this fuss?"

"Well, now, I'm sure, miss, he has been very kind; and if you'd seen him when I told him you hadn't come home, I'm sure you wouldn't be put out. I never saw a gentleman go so white, and he say nothing, but turns round and dashes off to the beach like a madman, as we thought—to report as a cork. And Mr. Starling says as how his master went on most affecting to see down on the beach."

Violet was mollified, and felt that she was both ungrateful and irritable.

"I am very sorry he should have been so frightened." After a while, "were quite safe, and it was kind of him to take so much trouble about the hot water and the fires; and you are a thoughtful girl, Marie; but," she continued, with a charming air of desperation, "I can't stand the fire, and I am not going to have a hot bath; so please take the coals off, and get the water out of the room as soon as possible, for the steam sets me boiling."

So Marie picked off the coals daintily, and walked away with the hot water; and directly she had gone, Violet slipped the bolt on the door, and dropped down upon the bed with a long-drawn sigh.

"My darling!" Did he say that to me, or was I dreaming? Oh, no; he never could have said it. I must have been dreaming. I did nearly faint, and so I must have fancied that he said so. He could not; it is not possible. He has never been anything else but grave and courteous; he would not show himself in a moment like this is not the kind of nature. No, no; it is absurd!" And she sighed and smiled.

"I cannot think what is coming to me lately. I am all fancies and dreams and nonsensical imaginings. And I fancy I see a villain in my father's oldest friend; then I fancy I see a ghost in the old tower; and now, the maddest thing of all, I fancy I hear a grave, well-bred gentleman like Leicester Dodson address me as 'his darling!' Oh! it is absurd!"

Here Marie knocked at the door, and, after her summons had been repeated a score of times, Violet, with a sigh, cast her thoughts down the wind and unbolted the door.

A dinner—partly fresh, and partly a rechauffe of the ruined one—was served up; and the captain did his best to raise the spirits of the ladies. Mrs. Mildmay, whose very ignorance of nautical matters had preserved her from alarm, was very cheerful, and praised the yacht, and all pertaining to it, with liberal amiability; and, as for the storm, why, if Violet did not take cold, after her warm bath, she would not be likely to, it only added a zest to the trip. Violet smiled with grave amusement, and did not think fit to enlighten her aunt as to the fate of the hot water; and the captain chimed in, as usual, from his leaning post outside the verandah, where he smoked a cigar of an evening, within speaking-distance of the ladies inside:

"Nothing more delightful, my dear madam," he said, watching the curling smoke from his cigar with one eye and Violet's face, where it lay nestling against a blue velvet cushion, with the other—"nothing more delightful than a yachting trip, and the storm, as you say, only added a little interest to the affair. I must confess, however, that for us who were waiting your return the interest was rather of the painful kind. But," he continued, relaxing into his light and airy manner, and puffing the smoke from his lips in fantastic wreaths, "danger after it has passed, they say, is a fresh source of delight, and certainly there is exquisite pleasure in seeing you look back on the wet with not even wet feathers. As to Mr. Leicester, why, all I can say is that he is a perfect Admirable Crichton; he can do anything and everything, from curing a dog's bad leg to sailing a yacht in a storm."

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"And how is Lady Lackland?" asked Mrs. Mildmay.

"Better I found her, I am glad to say, much better. The Hart had not come down yet; Parliamentary duties kept him in town, I suppose. Pity, a great pity. The peasant in his cot, beneath the blue sky and on the heather-covered hill, is to be envied by an Earl in London this weather. By the way," he continued, glancing at Violet and speaking in a low tone, as if he were anxious not to awake her, "I heard of rather a damaging trait in Leicester's character."

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"Yes; not very dreadful, is it? And yet we Indians used to think it amounted to crime for a man or a woman to trifle with the sacred things of the heart for the amusement of an hour. But different societies have different views of looking at things. Flirtation is the fashion, I am told, and Mr. Leicester Dodson, as a man of the fashion, only follows its rules."

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"I was nearly asleep," she said, looking round the room with a sad, stupefied look in her eyes of dumb pain, like someone roused to a sense of following misery. "I—I am very tired, aunt, and I think I shall go to bed."

The captain was by her side, ringing for her candle, in a moment, and she smiled—yes, smiled at him as he pressed her hand and murmured a good-night. Brave Violet! what did that smile cost her? She heard every word, and every word rang in her ears and stabbed at her breast when she lay her head on her pillow. A flirt! A flirt! He loved Lady Ethel, and was only amusing himself with her, Violet Mildmay! Oh, bitter truth, and shameful! She, proud Violet, who had felt ocean of contempt for weak-minded girls enslaved by men, to be the victim of a flirt! She could not cry, because her hot heart burnt up its tears, but she buried her face and prayed for strength and opportunity to prove to the false-hearted deceiver that he had missed his mark and met his match.

And the captain? He went to bed in the best of humors; and when he had dismissed his faithful Jem he unlocked the drawers in which he had deposited his purchases, and smiled and chuckled at them after a fashion apparently unreasonable enough to convince a spectator that he was out of his mind. But the captain was in perfect possession of his senses, and knew the value of the room as soon as possible, for the steam sets me boiling."

So Marie picked off the coals daintily, and walked away with the hot water; and directly she had gone, Violet slipped the bolt on the door, and dropped down upon the bed with a long-drawn sigh.

"My darling!" Did he say that to me, or was I dreaming? Oh, no; he never could have said it. I must have been dreaming. I did nearly faint, and so I must have fancied that he said so. He could not; it is not possible. He has never been anything else but grave and courteous; he would not show himself in a moment like this is not the kind of nature. No, no; it is absurd!" And she sighed and smiled.

"I cannot think what is coming to me lately. I am all fancies and dreams and nonsensical imaginings. And I fancy I see a villain in my father's oldest friend; then I fancy I see a ghost in the old tower; and now, the maddest thing of all, I fancy I hear a grave, well-bred gentleman like Leicester Dodson address me as 'his darling!' Oh! it is absurd!"

Here Marie knocked at the door, and, after her summons had been repeated a score of times, Violet, with a sigh, cast her thoughts down the wind and unbolted the door.

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NEW YORK CLIPPER.
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Q. E's., Baltimore.—1, 2. If we really could set those characters as well as, or better than, the persons named, of course we could get a situation at a large salary, but such a state of affairs is simply impossible, as there is not now nor has there ever been, an actress in the stage who could excel in all the characters you name. Sometimes, as the words of leading parts are used, without the slightest knowledge of correct stage-business, or the proper use of their voice, and without possessing the ability to appear graceful and easy on the stage (which can only be acquired by long practice), they falter (because nervous) and are afraid to act once satisfactorily fill the position of leading man in a theatre. 3. Every actor in the line you name commenced by acting the smallest characters, and Mr. Booth most of them were unsuccessful at first. They only gained a leading position by hard study and work, and struggling through many a heavy disappointment, which is not possible. In witnessing acting you only see the finished result. You know nothing of the means by which it is accomplished. If you could attend half a dozen rehearsals, your ideas would be quickly changed. 4. Ask a manager if he is not. If you could join an amateur society which is under the direction of an experienced actor, who would direct the rehearsals and superintend the performances, then your experience would be valuable; otherwise not. 5. A reputation gained under the condition expressed in answer to 4 would aid you, because the actor in charge of your society would recommend you to some manager, and your recommendation would insure you a courteous hearing. 6. In the Academy of Music, Sacramento, Cal., acting Berlin in "Dot," March 19, 1866. Owing to the only record one bottle, and E. D. contends that it was not a square bet, because R. S. opened the other one. It has caused considerable wrangling as to who is right, and we leave you will decide.".....It was a perfectly square bet, having rendered none, despite of the intent of L. when R. S. produced two bottles of wine, to the effect that the contract was the common parlance the man who pays for or produces the wine "opens the bottle," although the barkeeper may draw the cork. E. D. was in no way to blame, except as R. S. drew the cork from the second bottle. If the performance of a certain task was the essence of the bet, instead of the production of a certain article of wine, then the willingness of S. B. to perform it is tantamount to performance itself. Neither could L. S. himself interfere with S. B., nor could he procure or consume liquor without interference by anyone else.

CHESS.—"A Subscriber" of Bath asks B that New York State would give a larger Democratic majority than Pennsylvania would a Republican. Please to decide, and give official returns.—The official vote of Pennsylvania for Hartranft, 304,178; Pershing, 282,150; Brown, 13,344. The vote of this State has not been officially declared.....The Democratic plurality is 14,812, which is 1,672 less than the Republican plurality (16,020) in Pennsylvania. The Republicans got no majority in Pennsylvania. It is conceded that the Democrats got a majority in this State, but we cannot decide, not having the necessary figures. "Majority" means more than one-half of the votes cast for the heads of the tickets. Betting that the Republicans will outpoll the Democrats is one thing, and excludes all votes cast for other parties. Betting that the Republicans will have a majority, without any qualification, is quite another. You can now await the official returns, and decide the bet. Be conservative, if there is any doubt that the Democrats got a majority in this State.

WM. H. EDWARDS, Washington.—See "J. J. C., Washington," in No. 4 of this paper, which is to be added that the order of dealing at the outset should be presented throughout until the party break up. A man who deals three and two, two and three, three and three next, suggests not only that he has been "stacking" the cards, but also that he watched them closely while they were being cut. To do this he must be a decided advantage over those who do not, especially if his partner plays the game. If you are jacks around, either the dealer or his partner will be sure to deal them to some other body else; and at all events the dealer will very likely have them, which may tempt him into making a misdeal.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Clair.—"Two men bet $100 on 10,000 in the field, one taking Hartranft and the other Pershing. Which has won?".....This bet is a draw. It is conceded that there were but two candidates. The principle is the same as if a third or a fourth candidate had been nominated after the bet had been made. The question depends upon what you regard as the rules of the game. Our decision has always been that a player who is assisted or ordered up by his partner cannot win.

CONSTANT READER, West Carmel.—Lady Fuiton, Centreville Course, L. I., July 14, 1865, 59:55; Trustee, Union Course, L. I., Oct. 20, 1845, 59:35¾; Captain McGowan, Riverside Park, Boston, Oct. 31, 1863, 59:25; Mattie Howard, San Jose Course, 1868, 58:30¼; John Stewart, Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 22, 1868.

C. L. LESTER, Cincinnati.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him. 2. Both of the persons named claim that honour. We cannot decide it. "Old" Dan Emmitt, who is living in Chicago, Ill., was one of the original founders of minstrelsy, and consequently he is older in professional experience than either of the others you name; but we cannot say that he is "now in the biz." 3, 4. We prefer not to answer questions concerning the private affairs of professionals.

HARRY SCAMP, Galveston.—1. The scores in the international rifle-match at Creedmoor, L. I., in 1874 were Americans, 934; Irishmen, 931. 2. At his first shot at the bull's-eye on a wrong target, whereby failing to count. 3. The Echo Shield has been shot for at Wimbledon, Eng., fourteen successive years, England winning eight times, Scotland four, and Ireland twice. The Irish team were victors in 1873 and 1875. The Scotch won in 1874.

VIATOR, Philadelphia.—It is not possible for a man to lose what has been a certainty, but there are fraudulent certainties on which a man cannot win. Having informed the other party as to your knowledge, you fulfilled every honorable obligation, and did more, indeed, than anything but honor could have exacted of you. If your knowledge is confirmed, you will win.

F. STARR, Washington.—The money is to be divided between Town and Dick. We see what Dick is driving at. There has lately been printed a rule that the eldest hand of the two who are put out on a euchre takes the pot, although the younger may have taken all the tricks. This is a "rule" for those only who are willing to accept it. THE CLIPPER adheres to the established method of playing euchre.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY, Galveston.—The decision was not correct. A horse is but fifteen until he is sixteen years old, but that is because of a rule that may make him one year old when in reality he is but fifteen months, and may not be human being can be so. A's language is quite plain—"not over 15." Had he bet that he was fifteen, he would have won.

W. McC., Chicago.—When a man bets another a dollar that the latter has not got a dollar, it must be held to mean that the acceptor has not a dollar at the time the proposition is made, and not that he will not have a dollar at some unnamed future time. If the acceptor puts up a dollar to confirm the bet, he wins it, having shown that he had a dollar when he made the bet.

J. D., Savannah.—We have read your communication carefully. Should we decide to do anything in the matter, the arrangement will be confided to the gentleman who superintended that department of THE CLIPPER, and whose long and extensive experience in sporting circles will qualify him for the position. We thank you for the offer, however.

PETER F. TRACY.—Did Rudolphe and Vignaux ever arrange to play a match game of billiards for $3,000 a side? Two matches. What they may have done privately is, of course, unknown to us, but any such arrangement, even if entered into, was not carried out, and Rudolph informs us that there has never been any such.

J. J. and E. C., N. Y.—J. S. Johnson the swimmer made his first public appearance in this city at the Lyceum Theatre, with Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty Company.

MERMAN and JOHN, Newark.—John played properly if he had an ace and a seven in his hand.

E. P.—1. No. 2. Cyrille Dion and A. P. Rudolphe played a series of a hundred or an off-hand four-ball games in this city in 1870, and another series in San Francisco in the Spring of 1871, and in 1874-5 they have played several series of three-ball games in this city. They have played at sixteen pin pool. Some of the games were played at Phelan & Collender's warerooms, 738 Broadway, and at Hyatt & Phelan's warerooms, 739 Broadway, and others in Cyrille Dion's and other billiard-rooms. 4. The precise number cannot be told, as we were gaming for money, but not games of record. 5. Dion won the battle.

J. R. W., Louisville.—The reason that a ramshackle got four points when he goes alone and makes five tricks is very apparent. The reason why the two men who oppose him should be given four points when they make but three tricks can never be apparent to anybody. There is no use giving it to it. We guess you are doing Baltimore an injustice, and have reference to "ramrod euchre" with the legitimate game. Is "railroad euchre" a player on each side go alone, and a euchre will cost four points. But not taken at that game can throw tricks made by two players against a table-full of four players.

M. McC—y.—The private business contract between artist and manager is hardly the proper information for the curious inquirer. The latter has the same right to withhold information as to the cost of the entertainment offered as the mercantile dealer to retain as private the first cost of the articles purchased by him for sale. When figures are given in any case they generally fly wide of the mark. A direct application to Manager Nuendorf, Academy of Music, N. Y., will satisfy you on these points.

CHESSMAN.—1. A holds the following hand at euchre: 3 aces, 1 deuce, and the turn-up card is a trey. How many to count more than 24 in one hand; and can it be counted other than by holding a combination of fours, 2?ds and 3?ds?.....Fifteen; 9 by runs, and six for a pair-royal. 2. Yes; 20 can be held. See answer to "Delta, New York," in CLIPPER dated Nov. 20.

HAMILTONIAN.—If the contestants were required to toe the piece of wood mentioned, then the bird was lost; but if not, then our opinion is that the bird must be scored to the shooter, as the fact that the toe of his foot rested on the piece of wood was not the cause of his foot not being placed behind the chalked line. Such is "railroad euchre," and it is a very poor kind of euchre.

CONSTANT READER.—This bet cannot be decided. It has never been known, and probably it never will be, what the strength of the Confederate Army was. Many figures have been put up. It notified you, and the notification proves him, if the demand accompanying it was not complied with. Then he is entitled to $2,000.

VIOLINIST, Toronto.—Stain with the following for a deep crimson: Boil one pound of ground Brazilwood in three quarts of water for an hour; strain it, and add half an ounce of cochineal. Boil again for one half hour, gently, and add it will be fit for use. After it has cooled, grind in the wood of the instrument, apply the finest kind of copal varnish—one or three coats.

"ETERNITY—RELIGION".—Don't you know that it is decidedly wrong, if not actually wicked, to send anonymous communications to editors, whose time is so precious? We have great reverence for the cause of religion; but for those who use the garb of heaven and its holy influences as a mask while they assail their fellows we have naught but contempt.

E. D., Ely, Vt.—"Some Other Time" has not been published. A collection of glees, "The Concordia," price 50c., and glee book ranging from this to $2, can be obtained of Ditson & Co., 711 Broadway, N. Y., and H. German four-part songs, $1 50, from Millet & Co., 437 Broadway, N. Y. Cooper of the glee average about 40c. from these publishers and others.

OUR BOYS, Jersey City.—1. She is a member of one of John F. Ford's companies, in Baltimore, Md. 2. In order to answer such a question, we would be compelled to search all the records, and we cannot spare the time. We have no memory for such a person having appeared there in the line of business mentioned. 3. He has. The author decines to let him have it.

H. SELMORE, Geneva.—1. At the coroner's inquest on the body of Felix Larkin, who was murdered in this city in 1868, Wm. McLean and David O'Shay testified that Hugh Campbell and John Barrigan stabbed Larkin, and Ann Holdsworth struck him with a club. 2. See answer to Wm. Peter Galligan, Providence.—If the race was run as you state, and the starter declares it a start, but not reversed; nor did that official fail to order it to run over, such power being vested in the starter alone.

S. B. H., Philadelphia.—1. If you raised your cards, or even bet after the draw, your hand is foul, and you forfeit the money up. But if, before raising them, you discovered and announced that you had six, the dealer should have taken back the extra one. 2. There can be no misdeal except on the original hand.

A SUBSCRIBER, Albany.—1. I hold three sixes and a nine, and there is a trey turned up. I claim the nine, and it is allowed. 2. What are 4 fives worth? I claim 18 points, and 3. Does a flush count in the "crib" without the turn-up card being of the same suit? The game is "cribbage".....1. The count is 18. 2. Four fives count 20. 3. No.

P. F. REDDYFILL, Jersey City.—Neither. The scores of the regular games were five to five of games won and lost. The seventh game was an exhibition contest and did not count. 5. As between Chicago and St. Louis, the score is a tie—5 to 5. As between Chicago and St. Louis in the championship record, St. Louis stands fourth and Chicago sixth.

DRAW POKER, Buffalo.—1. The questions are not such as shown his full hand, when the bet on B's declaration of "good," even though B had a stronger "full," and no right to say anything. 3. B can draw down only so much of his "bluff" as is covered.

J. O. C., Central Falls.—1. A made "fours" in a perfectly legitimate manner. His play was that of "combination." not "building." 2. Boston.—B and D are out with their high and low. Jack turned up on a fair deal counts at once; a jack in hand can never count until after low, no matter when it is won or saved.

JOE and WILLY, Memphis.—As you do not seem to know whether you wish to be "star actors" or end-men in a minstrel troupe, we would advise you to give up all idea of entering the profession.

T. S., Hot Springs.—It depends upon what you regard as the rules of the game. Our decision has always been that a player who is assisted or ordered up by his partner cannot win.

MR, Philadelphia.—We do not know at what hour on each day the world's fairs in London, Paris and Vienna were closed. That at Vienna was open on Sunday, as probably was that at Paris also.

R. AND G., Shreveport.—We presume that the first trip of the Great Eastern referred to was her transatlantic one. She first arrived at this city June 28, 1860. She first left the Thames Sept. 8, 1859.

W. F. S., Houston.—Haverly's Minstrels performed at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La., one week, commencing Feb. 1, 1875. 2. H. Haverly did not perform with them. No minstrel troupe ever performed in the Opera House in that city.

W. O. W., Scranton.—1. We think not; but we have not time to search our files for fifteen or twenty years to answer such more definitely. 2. 2:15. 3. Has never been in California.

F. C. F., Minneapolis.—1. You simply make a mental wish when putting the ring on the lady's finger. 2. Anything you wish if five, and given any way you please. 3. The gentleman offers the lady his arm.

A SPORTING MAN, Phila.—It is thought here that if the person alluded to accepts the challenge a bona-fide match will be made. But we shall watch the proceedings, and expose any fraud that may be attempted.

BAKERY BOY, Wakefield.—The boat John Lydon won second money in the four-oared working-boat race at the Boston, Mass., Fourth of July regatta (held on the 5th), this year.

G. T. L., Renova.—Masquerade balls are of foreign origin. They are not "contrary to the laws of the United States;" but the police have, under certain State laws, a discretionary power with regard to them.

A. R. DUNBAR.—Article 4 of the field nine selects the substitute to run bases; unless in the case of the injured player leaving to leave the field, and another player takes his place, in which case the substitute runs himself.

H. L. A.—Maurice Vignaux was the winner of last year's tournament in this city, and Garnier of that in Boston, in which latter neither Vignaux nor Rudolphe took part.

GRUENKLER, Harrisburg.—California jack is played both ways as face up, and pack face down. We prefer face up. The last card of the cut is then trump, and it is put at bottom of pack.

J. A. B., Brooklyn.—"Sweet Aileen" has not been published as yet. The manuscript of a song of that title is now in the hands of a New York firm, Messrs. Dixon & Co., and it may be shortly issued.

C. A. S., Fall River.—"A smoke" and B and C are playing cribbage. A plays a four, B a five, C a deuce, A a trey, and claims a run of four points. B disputes A's claim. Which is right?"

H. L. C., Annandale.—By reading the variety summary of THE CLIPPER each week you will find their whereabouts received when they are performing.

J. T. N., Philadelphia.—Dion has acted in "The French Spy" in all the principal cities of this country, Philadelphia included. No answers by mail.

MISS PARKER CITY.—We would advise you to give up all idea of it, and remain at home. You would find it very hard work after the romance had worn off.

W. H. EDWARDS, Washington.—See "J. J. C., Washington," in No. 4 of this paper, which is to be added that the order of dealing at the outset should be presented throughout until the party break up. A man who deals three and two, two and three, three and three next, suggests not only that he has been "stacking" the cards, but also that he watched them closely while they were being cut. To do this he must be a decided advantage over those who do not, especially if his partner plays the game. If you are jacks around, either the dealer or his partner will be sure to deal them to some other body else; and at all events the dealer will very likely have them, which may tempt him into making a misdeal.

SUBSCRIBER, St. Clair.—"Two men bet $100 on 10,000 in the field, one taking Hartranft and the other Pershing. Which has won?".....This bet is a draw. It is conceded that there were but two candidates. The principle is the same as if a third or a fourth candidate had been nominated after the bet had been made. The question depends upon what you regard as the rules of the game. Our decision has always been that a player who is assisted or ordered up by his partner cannot win.

CONSTANT READER, West Carmel.—Lady Fuiton, Centreville Course, L. I., July 14, 1865, 59:55; Trustee, Union Course, L. I., Oct. 20, 1845, 59:35¾; Captain McGowan, Riverside Park, Boston, Oct. 31, 1863, 59:25; Mattie Howard, San Jose Course, 1868, 58:30¼; John Stewart, Fashion Course, L. I., Sept. 22, 1868.

C. L. LESTER, Cincinnati.—A letter addressed to him in care of this office should reach him. 2. Both of the persons named claim that honour. We cannot decide it. "Old" Dan Emmitt, who is living in Chicago, Ill., was one of the original founders of minstrelsy, and consequently he is older in professional experience than either of the others you name; but we cannot say that he is "now in the biz." 3, 4. We prefer not to answer questions concerning the private affairs of professionals.

HARRY SCAMP, Galveston.—1. The scores in the international rifle-match at Creedmoor, L. I., in 1874 were Americans, 934; Irishmen, 931. 2. At his first shot at the bull's-eye on a wrong target, whereby failing to count. 3. The Echo Shield has been shot for at Wimbledon, Eng., fourteen successive years, England winning eight times, Scotland four, and Ireland twice. The Irish team were victors in 1873 and 1875. The Scotch won in 1874.

VIATOR, Philadelphia.—It is not possible for a man to lose what has been a certainty, but there are fraudulent certainties on which a man cannot win. Having informed the other party as to your knowledge, you fulfilled every honorable obligation, and did more, indeed, than anything but honor could have exacted of you. If your knowledge is confirmed, you will win.

F. STARR, Washington.—The money is to be divided between Town and Dick. We see what Dick is driving at. There has lately been printed a rule that the eldest hand of the two who are put out on a euchre takes the pot, although the younger may have taken all the tricks. This is a "rule" for those only who are willing to accept it. THE CLIPPER adheres to the established method of playing euchre.

DISTRICT-ATTORNEY, Galveston.—The decision was not correct. A horse is but fifteen until he is sixteen years old, but that is because of a rule that may make him one year old when in reality he is but fifteen months, and may not be a human being can be so. A's language is quite plain—"not over 15." Had he bet that he was fifteen, he would have won.

W. McC., Chicago.—When a man bets another a dollar that the latter has not got a dollar, it must be held to mean that the acceptor has not a dollar at the time the proposition is made, and not that he will not have a dollar at some unnamed future time. If the acceptor puts up a dollar to confirm the bet, he wins it, having shown that he had a dollar when he made the bet.

J. D., Savannah.—We have read your communication carefully. Should we decide to do anything in the matter, the arrangement will be confided to the gentleman who superintended that department of THE CLIPPER, and whose long and extensive experience in sporting circles will qualify him for the position. We thank you for the offer, however.

PETER F. TRACY.—Did Rudolphe and Vignaux ever arrange to play a match game of billiards for $3,000 a side? Two matches. What they may have done privately is, of course, unknown to us, but any such arrangement, even if entered into, was not carried out, and Rudolph informs us that there has never been any such.

J. J. and E. C., N. Y.—J. S. Johnson the swimmer made his first public appearance in this city at the Lyceum Theatre, with Schumann's Transatlantic Novelty Company.

MERMAN and JOHN, Newark.—John played properly if he had an ace and a seven in his hand.

NO SIGN ANYET.—Having once entered upon the trial, A could not recognize it until another day. His margin ended in sixty rubbers after he began, no provision having been made for experiments.

W. R. C.—He can take in no cards that were not in his pile. When he has taken in eight of eighty, he had exhausted his right to take in cards, and could not pick up the eight that he had overlooked.

ARTIST.—Forepaugh seated Lord Dundreary in "Our American Cousin" with Barnum's Kosse in Washington, D. C., on the night that President Lincoln was assassinated.

OLD READER, Jersey Shark.—Everybody familiar with the turf knows that there is a running horse called Wildidle, and that he is an extraordinary horse.

G. W. R., Gilroy.—There is no running record of 1:40. Horses are rushed to the front in England by rival newspapers, and not by jockeys.

J. E. M., Washington.—It rests always with the beggar and the donor as to person or, whether the game is one of parsneys or one of indecent hands.

RUSTICUS, Columbus.—Write to C. H. Hawkins, manufacturer of such apparatus, as per his advertisement in this paper.

OLD SUBSCRIBER, Cleveland.—Yes; the Khedive of Egypt has done that. Address J. L. Merchant, 76 South street, this city.

N. H. B., Ludowic.—1. A good Newfoundland pup will cost you just about $25. 2. Live stock is never carried C. O. D., and that settles that.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The distance between New York and San Francisco, via Cape Horn, is set down in maps as 14,000 miles. We have no means of verifying it.

W. H., Louisville.—We have no recollection of him, save that he has performed in Portland, Me., and Boston, Mass.

T. J. C., Cincinnati.—We cannot spare room for the insertion of the article. 2. A deposit must accompany all challenges.

W. B. W., York.—No definite intelligence of Donaldson has been had since his ascension at Chicago, Ill., nor has his body been found.

J. KO., Wilmington.—1. His weight, untrained, is over 260lb. 2. He fought McCools twice—to which battle do you refer?

CHICAGO.—The contest which took place last week, in Chicago, Ill., was the first in which Daniel O'Leary and E. P. Weston met as opponents.

T. FITZ.—1. Tom Orbish was champion of England when Dan Donnelly fought Cooper and Oliver. 2. Morrissey's nose was broken in his fight with Heenan.

HOSIER, Indianapolis.—1. Nobody. 2. The fastest time for 5 yards running, is 9¼ sec., by Geo. Seward. No record of backward running.

GAME COCK, Washington.—There is no newspaper or magazine either exclusively or in the main devoted to that sport. Search THE CLIPPER.

J. B. W., Georgetown.—It is the rule in most houses to split such bets. It helps to pay the expenses. When the expenses are light, dealers do not split them.

F. L. M., Kingston.—A picture and as complete a history of the edifice as may be possible under the circumstances will be used.

H. K., Hartford.—The court, in its discretion, may allow compensation to detained witnesses here, and fix the amount of such compensation.

D. L., San Antonio.—There is no rule—it is a matter of private contract; whatever the purchaser of the privilege and the showman may agree to.

WILMOT, Biddeford.—In his uncle's walking dress, Mace at present weighs over 300lb. Trained, he will reach about 280 lbs.

DELAWARE, Wilmington.—1. Joe Horton's name does not appear in "Pisciana," and there is no record of his ever having fought in the English P. R. 2. No.

F. S.—Your letter did not make the seven spoken of, his ace would not have put him out. He would have been game.

OLD READER.—At French bagatelle you can either hit the ball direct or cushion for it. Sometimes, however, is one for which there is no clearly defined rules.

J. H., Somerville.—It is pool on No. 4, and the score at the time game is called is 125 to 115 to tie between Nos. 1 and 2. The latter's 27 makes him winner.

W., Cincinnati.—The bet stands, under the rules of the Pacific Jockey Club, which in this respect are not to be commended.

READER, Fremont.—There was no majority for Governor of Pennsylvania, and we have not the official figures as to New York.

TYRO, St. Louis.—A wins. If B meant that there were more than 10 sheets in the pile, he should not have said there were not 2,000.

T. D., Titusville.—Hartranft did not get 10,000 majority, nor a majority of any kind, and there is no use of printing your question as to the bet.

UNKNOWN, Hagerstown.—McGinty, Josephs, Murnan, Beals, Schafer, G. Wright, Leonard, O'Rourke, and Manning.

F. C., Middlebury.—Five full innings constitute a regular game, if it be agreed upon, before play commences, to close at the end of the fifth inning.

W. H. F., Philadelphia.—It would be to advertise for a partner with capital. Hire a hall, and invite persons as may answer your advertisement what you can do.

FOOTBALL, Boston.—No. 2. White applied for a position in 1869, but was not one of the nine. Cannot make out the third query.

A SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—This is as to a question of fact. The parties to whom the ale was given can readily determine to whom they gave the order. We cannot.

J. H., Boston.—We know nothing of any such person There was never a member of that name connected with Lydia Thompson's Troupe.

TAYLOR.—Some dramatic agencies require a booking-fee in advance; others do not, and charge only for such services as may actually be rendered.

J. W. P., Boston.—A little more care in the composition of your letter, and you would have them available.

F. AND H., North Orange.—The original Dan Rice is still living.

N. Z., Poughkeepsie.—1. Watch our turf reports. 2. It is reported as being for $1,000.

A. J. D., Philadelphia.—We know nothing of that Irish blackguard, to whose name you yourself are in doubt.

J. J. B., Bay City.—103, against George F. Slosson. See issue of Nov. 20.

YOUNG AND JIN, Richmond.—Hayes' majority was not 5,000, although that was the majority he was more than that.

CASSINO, New Orleans.—B could not use the deuce on the board for that purpose.

J. KO., Dallas.—Dec. 23, usually. It might be Dec. 22 occasionally. We believe so.

CONSTANT READER, Boston.—The jack counts, if turned before the ninth deal.

L. C. D.—Hoey, Matthews, Start, Farrell, Nichols, Hallinan, Booth, Holdsworth and Cassidy.

J. H., Buffalo.—Andrus is a Western player, and is not known in Eastern circles.

LITTLE BIT OF TOBACCO, Memphis.—C. B. is right; because of Judge Coburn.—From $25 per week upward, according to reputation and ability.

D. B.—Have not the official returns. But Bigelow's plurality is not his majority.

SUBSCRIBER, Boston.—Was born in Boston, Mass., in 1825. We keep no record of the height and weight of actors.

YANKEE, Providence.—For three months, 13 insertions, $10.40.

E. M., Galveston.—F wins. For A to win, the boy had to be either just fifteen or under.

F. S., Boston.—1. He plays responsible business. 2. See our advertising columns.

G. S.—Of any dealer in glass-ware. Ask for cut-glass goods.

TRAPEZE, N. J.—1. From $25 per week upward, according to merit and reputation. 2. We do not think it has.

W. J. F., Barton.—It is a MS., the exclusive property of the author, and cannot be had.

A SMITH, St. John's.—We have no record of his death, nor have we heard of it.

SHARKHOLDER, Clearfield.—The parties who threw 21 each have a right to a throw as soon as he is out.

J. J. C., Buffalo.—At euchre, the dealer has no right to give himself three cards, and his opponent two.

WEST VIRGINIAN.—Take an affidavit to Samuel H. French & Son, No. 122 Nassau street, in this city.

G. W. D., Toronto.—The bill is too much mutilated for use.

J. O. C., Corry.—John Morrissey did not fight in the P. R. at Melbourne, or in any other part of Australia.

F. L., Wyoming.—Take an affidavit to the effect, and forward it to Samuel H. French & Son, 122 Nassau street,

dolphe's play or not, we cannot say; but it answered Sloson, who protested to the referee that, if there was "anything in the wind," he was not cognizant of it. The loser's average was 6, and the winner's 7.13-41.

St. George.			Rudolphi.		
Inn.	Count.	Total.	Inn.	Count.	Total.
1....	0	0	22 ..	0	136
2....	0	1	23 ..	3	141
3....	0	0	24 ..	15	156
4....	0	0	25 ..	60	216
5....	0	3	26 ..	3	219
6....	2	2	27 ..	2	221
7....	6	10	14	28 ..	1	230
8....	1	11	3	29 ..	2	232
9....	2	13	2	30 ..	12	244
10....	30	52	6	29	35 ..	1	249
11....	27	79	19	46	33 ..	0	249
12....	4	83	1	45	35 ..	4	253
13....	4	87	0	44	34 ..	4	257
14....	5	99	0	48	38 ..	2	259
15....	1	91	1	49	36 ..	0	268
16....	1	92	3	51	32 ..	11	279
17....	1	93	2	51	35 ..	5	284
18....	8	101	4	55	39 ..	15	299
19....	1	102	15	70	40 ..	0	299
20....	36	138	4	74	41	1	300
21....	0	138	15	89			

Garnier and Sexton were next contestants. Except with the consent of Joseph Dion, neither Garnier nor Daly could now win anything. Were Sexton to win this game, he could tie Joseph; but for Garnier to tie Slosson for fourth prize, he would have to beat both Sexton and Cyrille Dion. Short of Joseph Dion's appearing, Garnier could not possibly tie Sexton. The loss of the game would prove serious to Sexton, while the winning of it would scarcely be a decided gain to Garnier. The latter, therefore, won it, and fell senseless as soon as he had done so. It was not a faint, for there was abundant color in the cheeks of the player as he was carried out. The trouble was mainly mental. The brain-work done by these players passes ordinary comprehension. With the sharp competition between them, the public are rendered familiar by the frequency of the contests; but of the wear-and-tear that attaches to these games few but the players themselves are cognizant. The scheming and "jobbing" and "heeling" are wearing enough mentally; but the three-ball game, as at present played, is one eminently fitted to call up gray hairs in young heads. It is being played in this city early and late, fast and furious. There are too many prime professionals here for any one of them to be cool and healthy. Three hundred points on a 5x10 table are too few for such players as Garnier and the other six. Except in the case of Cyrille Dion, to whom nature has given certain properties of self-control that are lacking in the others, the most decisive victory at three ball caroms, 300 points up, on a 5x10 table, is but a first-class scratch, after all. The uncertainty attached to games so short is demoralizing to both players at the outset. There is altogether too much mental inquietude. Maurice Daly is no better player since he ran 219 than he was before; but he is more formidable because of that run, and so in every other match-player of the first rank. That run is a "worrier," and so are Garnier's and Cyrille Dion's averages of 30. That such things have been proved possible has necessarily to make cowards of all match-players, and to that extent there is a greater demand upon both the physical and the mental forces. This is why we have let match-players conjoin to us that they are being overworked. There is not only too much match-playing, but likewise too much betting among them. This last remark has no application to Garnier. It is his peculiar temperament that causes him to display in public what the others hide; but the effect upon the others is none the less serious. This is the second time that Garnier has run 219 during a match game, the first occasion being in the Irving Hall tournament of 1873, when he beat Maurice Daly. He has never left the floor in a long match. Our three-ball games are making it too hot for one another. There must be a let-up, especially on these short games, or ten seasons will supersede billiard medals. Nothing can save them. It is the fastest game that has had to play against the highest averages of the tournament. The Dions no longer lead Garnier on tournament averages.

Garnier.			Sexton.		
Inn.	Count.	Total.	Inn.	Count.	Total.
1....	0	0	6....	39	155
2....	0	0	7....	4	159
3....	59	62	0	8....	5	164
4....	53	115	44	101	9....	20	184
5....	4	119	0	101	10....	0	184

Cyrille Dion and Maurice Daly brought the week to a close. There was nothing special in the game, Cyrille having things all his own way from the start. The winner averaged 11.3-37, and the loser 3.

C. Dion.			Daly.		
Inn.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.	Count.
1....	0	0	18 ..	25	197
2....	0	0	16 ..	0	197
3..	78	82	5	19	17 ..	0	197
4..	82	82	15	34	18 ..	10	207
5..	16	98	1	35	19 ..	1	208
6..	1	99	2	37	20 ..	7	215
7 ..	0	99	0	37	21 ..	4	219
8....	99	99	31	68	22 ..	27	246
9..	4	103	4	72	23 ..	47	293
10....	6	109	19	91	24 ..	1	293
11....	1	110	2	93	25 ..	4	297
12....	20	130	59	150	26 ..	2	299
13....	38	171	3	153	27 ..	1	300
14....	3	174	0	153			

SEVENTH DAY.—MONDAY, NOV. 22.

Had he wished to risk a tie between himself and Sexton, Joseph Dion could have shut Garnier out from anything better than a second prize. The winning of the afternoon game by Sexton, with or without Joseph's approbation, would have accomplished this result. Dion won it. Should Garnier defeat Cyrille Dion in the game in progress as we go to press, he and Slosson will be tied for second place, and the two Dions for first and second, in which event there will be fine opportunities for slaughter. Sexton averaged 5.5-21, and Dion 14.6-21.

Sexton.			J. Dion.		
Inn.	Count.	Total.	Count.	Total.	Count.
4....	0	4	22 ..	67	0
5....	0	1	5	13 ..	0	67
6....	0	0	5	14 ..	1	68
7....	14	18	23	18 ..	0	68
8....	5	19	28	51	16 ..	10	78
9....	31	50	1	52	17 ..	9	78
10....	0	50	32	84	18 ..	2	80
11....	2	52	7	91	19 ..	0	80
12....	1	53	1	92	20 ..	3	83
13....	0	53	0	92	21 ..	30	113
14....	0	62	10	102			

The subjoined table shows games won and lost, one being lacking:

	C. Dion.	J. Dion.	Sexton.	Slosson.	Garnier.	Daly.	Rudolphi.	Tot. Won.
C. Dion	—0	1	1	1	1	1	1	6
J. Dion	1	—0	1	1	1	1	1	6
Sexton	0	0	—0	1	1	1	1	4
Slosson	0	0	0	—0	1	1	1	3
Garnier	0	0	0	0	—0	1	1	2
Daly	0	0	0	0	0	—0	1	1
Rudolphe	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0	0
Total lost	1	1	3	3	5	4	6	20

SUMMARY.

C. Dion and Garnier have each a game lacking, and it is therefore possible that Daly's grand average will be high. As it is, it is the highest ever made in a tournament. Slosson has raised his grand average 4.184-313 and 8.104-173, a noteworthy improvement in a year's time, while Rudolphe has fallen in that time from 10.34-141 to 8.135-173, and Joseph Dion in six months from 11 to 9.79-184. Out ide of this tournament the only Garnier match-game that could have surpassed the grand average of Sexton, which fact is highly creditable to a beginner in tournaments.

	Beat game.	Best average.	Grand average.
C. Dion	89	30	13.24-133
J. Dion	123	14.6-21	9.79-184
Sexton	15	5	10.70-73
Slosson	104	16.12-18	8.104-173
Garnier	119	30	10.96-98
Daly	124	23.1-13	12.43-151
Rudolphe	67	*	6.135-179

* No record, not having won a game.

SCRATCHES.—There will be a new room in Philadelphia next month, and William Morris will manage it.....James Kernan arrived in this city on the 16th.... William Burleigh is reported as having left Chicago.....Robert E. Harton and Philadelphia is expected.....William Rockhill has withdrawn from Schwab's room.....Robert E. Wilmarth marked the games in the tournament last week.....Oross of Providence and Schaffer of Philadelphia at last advices.....Chris. O'Connor's, on Nov. 20, William Sexton played a series of money games with A. F. Rudolphe. The latter can now win nothing, and has thrown the special prospect of Sexton.....We are authorized to state that Sexton will play Joseph Dion for $1,000 a side.....In an exhibition game in Indianapolis, on Nov. 19, Harry Bussey, with an average last year of 94, beat Louis Shaw by 103 to 100. Bussey is evidently improving. A correspondent says that there was some money on the game.....George Slosson states that he will play Sexton for $500 a side, and put up his own money.

GAMES IN NILES, MICH.—The "J. Shafer of San Francisco" referred to by our correspondent is probably Shafer of Indianapolis, whom George F. Slosson beat in the latter city, Oct. 23, 573, by a three-ball score of 500 to 321. The "J. Rhines" is Henry. At the opening of the Clifton House Billiard Parlor, Niles, Mich., on Friday evening, Nov. 19, Billy Borlesh, each Danielson, of Chicago, and Joseph Dion and J. Shafer of San Francisco competed for a purse of $200. The first was a four-handed game—Borlesh and Shafer vs. Rhines and Danielson—the latter French caroms, in which the latter won easily. The next game was between Berlesh and Shafer—272 points, French carom. This game was won by Shafer, Berlesh winning 70 seven points. Burleigh is Michigan's pet-player, and he was loudly applauded. The third game was between Shafer and Rhines—260 points, French carom. It was a repeat of a forty-inning contest, but Shafer was the winner. During this game he made a remarkably good run of 132 points. Shafer won easily, his average being 30.1-6.

BASEBALL.

THE PHILADELPHIA CLUB.

The record of this club, in games won and lost during 1875 in the championship arena, is as follows:

PHILADELPHIA.	Chicago.	Atlantic.	St. Louis.	Hartford.	Centennial.	New Haven.	Washington.	Mutual.	Star.	Keystone.	Western.	Boston.	Total.
Games won	7	7	8	4	4	3	2	2	1	1	0	0	37
Games lost	3	6	2	4	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	19
Games played	10	7	10	8	8	3	2	2	1	1	0	0	56

The batting averages of the club as made up by the Athletic club scorer are as follows:

BATTING AVERAGES.	T. B. hits.	As. B.H. per G.	As. BH. to T. B.
Meyerle	320	33	.314
McGeary	313	92	1.35
Norman	316	93	1.30
Addy	278	81	1.31
McMullin	232	66	1.03
Schaffer	79	19	1.11
Snyder	208	63	0.93
Fisher	169	39	0.97
Malone	114	36	0.96
Pulmer	288	64	0.94
Treacy	179	57	0.98
Zettlein	74	15	0.71

The following table gives a recapitulation of the work respectively performed by each Philadelphia player in the field:

FIELDING AVERAGES.

	Games.	P. O.	Assists.	Errors.	A. P. O.	As. As.	As. Fl.
Malone	57	193	6	24	7.14	0.22	7.36
Norman	69	367	63	27	9.19	0.26	9.17
Snyder	87	293	79	112	4.87	1.19	5.76
Meyerle	87	230	107	71	5.43	1.89	5.02
Fulmer	68	107	199	9	1.87	2.92	4.49
McGeary	43	111	7	17	2.77	0.16	2.93
Treacy	41	32	7	8	1.80	0.41	2.29
Schaffer	41	47	51	5	2.30	2.45	4.75
Fisher	34	113	6	26	2.09	0.11	2.16
McMullin	69	92	20	30	1.33	0.28	1.61
Addy	221	9	24	9	0.40	1.01	1.41

The Philadelphias have had four different pitchers during the past season. Fisher filling that position in a majority of games, as he pitched in 373 innings, of which 262 were full. Josephs then succeeded him, but only pitched in seven games and 66 innings, of which 50 were blanks. Zettlein pitched the last part of the season, with 74 innings, of one game, there being 121 blanks recorded in the 195 innings he filled that position. Weaver pitched one game of six innings for 4 blanks. The following are the pitching averages:

PITCHING AVERAGES.

	Games.	Runs Made.	Runs Earned.	R. With Assist.	Ave. Runs.	Ave. R. Hits.
Josephs	7	30	16	47	4.80	6.71
Fisher	41	225	87	301	5.43	9.29
Zettlein	21	119	33	366	5.66	9.90

THE NEW JERSEY CHAMPIONSHIP.

We give place to the appended communication from the Olympic Club of Paterson, leaving it to speak for itself:

PATERSON, NOV. 18, 1875.

EDITOR CLIPPER.—*The Newark Register* of this morning contains an account of the meeting of the Judiciary Committee of the New Jersey State Association of Baseball Players, at which meeting it appears that the championship pennant was awarded to the Union Baseball Club of Newark. The claims of the Olympics of Paterson, who are the bonafide champions of New Jersey, were quietly ignored. The reasons for the award are stated to be (1) that the number of games won by the Union and Olympic Clubs are equal; and (2) that the Olympics had several players on their nine under salary, while the Unions were strictly amateur. Permit me to say that both of these statements are false. By reference to THE NEW YORK CLIPPER of November 13, 1875, it will be seen that the record of the Union Club, furnished by their secretary, shows that the total number of their victories is fifteen. Of these, five were won from clubs outside of the State, and, consequently, do not count in the championship record. Of the remaining ten, two (one with the Irvington and the other with the Union of Elizabeth) were played with New Jersey clubs not representative in the association. Deducting these games, we find that the Unions should be credited with eight championship victories. The record of the Olympic Club, published in THE CLIPPER of Nov. 20, shows that the Olympics won fourteen championship games, including one from the Trentons and two from the Burlingtons. But this Judiciary Committee, for the alleged reason that these clubs—the Trentons and Burlingtons—had withdrawn from the association, threw out all the games in which they had taken part. After striking these games out from the Olympic record, we find that they are still credited with eleven championship victories. This disposes of the statement that the Olympics and Unions had each won the same number of games, as to the second reason—that the Olympics had several players under salary while the Unions had not—I pronounce it equally false. We have not, during the present season, claimed to be "strictly amateur." The one-third gate money which the Olympics received was divided among the players taking part in the games. This was distinctly understood by all New Jersey clubs at the time we entered the Association. We never "sailed under false colors." But the Union Club of Newark, as well as all other clubs in the New Jersey Association, so far as we are informed, make the same disposition of their net gate receipts as the Olympics do. So both reasons advanced by the Judiciary Committee for its illegal action are but subterfuges to cover an unjust act in refusing to render to us our dues. We have filed with the president of the New Jersey Association a formal appeal from this decision, and, at the next convention, will ask to have it reversed. In the meantime we still claim to be, as we in fact are, champions of New Jersey, and will not yield the title until it is fairly won by some other club.

W. J. ST. LAWRENCE,
Secretary Olympic Baseball Club.

BASE-HIT AVERAGES FOR 1875.

The following table presents the average of first-base hits made by players who took part in five games and over in the professional championship series during 1875. The list includes only those who made an average of one base-hit or more to a game.

Player and Club.	Av. of 1st B. H.	Player and Club.	Av. of 1st. B. H.
Barnes, Boston	1.79	Manning, Boston	1.21
G. Wright, Boston	1.78	Boyd, Atlantic	1.20
White, Boston	1.66	Mills, Hartford	1.20
McVey, Boston	1.60	Waterman, Chicago	1.20
Sutton, Athletic	1.54	Casey, Hartford	1.19
Pike, St. Louis	1.54	Loft, New Haven	1.19
Leonard, Boston	1.51	Warner, Centennial	1.17
Craver, Athletic	1.50	A. Allison, Hartford	1.17
Anson, Athletic	1.48	Peters, Chicago	1.16
Force, Athletic	1.47	D. Allison, Hartford	1.15
Spalding, Boston	1.39	Bond, Hartford	1.13
Burdock, Hartford	1.38	Remsen, Hartford	1.12
Hines, Chicago	1.37	Gerhardt, Louis	1.11
Meyerle, Philadelphia	1.37	McGinley, New Haven	1.10
McGeary, Philadelphia	1.36	Higham, Mutual	1.09
Hotfer, Boston	1.36	Hastings, Chicago	1.08
O'Rourke, Boston	1.35	Eaton, St. Louis	1.04
Eggler, Athletic	1.33	Glenn, St. Louis	1.07
Murnan, Philadelphia	1.32	Gould, New Haven	1.06
Devlin, Chicago	1.31	Ferguson, Hartford	1.04
Holdsworth, Mutual	1.30	Latham, Hartford	1.05
Cuthbert, St. Louis	1.30	Bradley, St. Louis	1.02
Hall, Athletic	1.30	Kessler, Atlantic	1.02
York, Hartford	1.30	Gerhardt, Mutual	1.01
Hallinan, Mutual	1.29	Snyder, Philadelphia	1.01
Bechtel, Athletic	1.29	Ellick, S. Louis E Stock	1.00
Hunt, St. Louis Stock	1.28	Hall, Washington	1.00
McBride, Athletic	1.27	Jones, Western	1.00
Fisler, Athletic	1.27	McKelvey, N. Haven	1.00
Beals, Boston	1.26	Geer, New Haven	1.00
Clapp, Athletic	1.25	Hankinson, Hartford	1.00
Schafer, Boston	1.25	Hicks, Mutual	1.00
Start, Mutual	1.24	Chapman, St. Louis	1.00
Addy, Philadelphia	1.24		

NOTES.—The Athletic Club have appointed a committee to get subscriptions to their new stock company enterprise. It is proposed to issue two hundred shares at fifty dollars per share, twenty-five dollars to be paid in when certificates of stock are ready for delivery. Each subscriber will receive one season ticket for each share of stock subscribed for, and all subscribers who shall pay fifteen dollars (the usual price of said season ticket) at the adjourned annual meeting will receive credit for that amount, leaving but ten dollars to be paid in on issue of certificates of stock. The committee are progressing with the duties imposed on them, having already made application for a charter.....A. G. Spalding was married to Miss Addie Keith, at Brooklyn, Mass., on Nov. 18, and during last week stopped at the Windsor Hotel, New York, en route to Rockford, where the happy pair will spend the honeymoon. The bride is an accomplished daughter of a Massachusetts clergyman.....John Peters, the short-stop of the Chicagos last season, was married to a young lady of St. Louis recently. If he succeeds as creditably in his matrimonial venture as he has on baseball, he ought to be a happy man.

CRIBBAGE CHAMPIONSHIP.—During a recent visit of Mr Arthur A. Allison of the next year's Louisville Club to Washington, D. C., on the ground by he and Mr. A. F. Childs, Secretary of the National Association, played 100 games of cribbage for the championship of the United States, with the following result: Allison, 51; Childs, 49. At the conclusion of the 99th game the score was a tie, each having won 49 games. The two remaining games were won by Mr. Allison by 1 point only, by pegging. During the progress of the match the highest count in hand was 29, each player holding 24 in hand, viz., a 4, 5 and two 6's, with a 4 turned up, with 18 in the crib, viz., 2 deuces and two trays. The lowest count in hand was 0, and crib, 4. Some of the games were played against time, the shortest one lasting but 4 minutes. If this can be beaten, we should be pleased to hear from it

THE GRANT B. B. C. of Essex, Mass., will hold their first annual ball at Richardson's Hall on Thanksgiving night.

THE TURF.

THE CALIFORNIA FOUR-MILE-HEAT RACE,

for a purse of $30,000 in gold coin, still remains undecided, the Pacific Jockey Club having postponed it until Thanksgiving Day, Thursday, Nov. 25. Such dissatisfaction has been caused by the racing men of this section by the action of the Jockey Club in thus postponing the race beyond the period which custom and precedent, as well as the recognized rules of the turf, have hitherto defined. By these laws, written or unwritten, a race postponed on account of bad weather or bad track, or both combined, could only be adjourned from day to day, or to the next good day and track. Since the day originally fixed for the race, Saturday, Nov. 13, the weather in San Francisco has been so fine and favorable that it was generally believed in that city the race would come off on Saturday last, and numerous dispatches were received in this city to this effect. But the money realized by the Pacific Jockey Club from their share of the commission on the sale of pools, the continued pool-sales, which were unprecedentedly heavy in amount, was too great a temptation to the club, and they decided not to run the race until the most distant day possible. In the pool-rooms in this city the grumbling and dissatisfaction among racing speculators, who thus find their money hopelessly tied up in the pools they have purchased, is very great, and many protests have been lodged with the pool-auctioneers again-t such a course, on the ground that the action of the Jockey Club in postponing the day of the race to such a distant day is in violation of the rules of the turf, and that consequently all pools and bets on the event are null and void. The poolsellers are placed in an awkward predicament, for at the three different rooms there are at the present calculation $250,000 locked up and dependent on the race. The postponement to such a distant date as Thanksgiving Day appears likely to be attended with disagreeable results; for the fine weather which has prevailed since the day originally fixed cannot been taken advantage of, and now we learn from San Francisco, under date of Monday, Nov. 20, that the rainy season has set in early. The prospects of the great race in that city are:

Odds to Outsiders in that city:	$2,350	$900	$600
Springbok	2,000	1,000	500
Rutherford	1,000	375	170
Wyandotte	1,225	550	250
Field	$6,575	$2,715	$1,420

RACING AT CHARLOTTE, N. C.—The fall meeting over the Carolina Park Course, Charlotte, N. C., commenced on Wednesday, Nov. 17, and was attended by several of the New York stables. The first race, a dash of three-quarters of a mile, for all ages, to carry 100lb, was won by W. R. Babcock's Egypt, beating First Chance, Jack Harkaway, Eutaw, Johanna, Vandal Jr. and Mollie Darling in 1:18¾. Barton and Medinger's Libbie L. won the race for two-year-olds, half-mile heats, in 56sec., 53sec., beating Johnny B. and Abdeilla. The mile-and-half dash was won by Mr. Babcock's Vandal, beating Jack, Trigg, Abdelkorez, Charley Cheatham and Busy Bee in 2:43¾. On the second date sequence, on Thursday afternoon, Nov. 18, and these, added to the strong representation of latter-day saints who generally gather to witness the gambols of the lambs, made up a large assemblage of the right sort, who highly relished the pugilistic banquet set before them, and served up in style by the following artists: Pete Croker and Billy Madden, Billy Edwards and Jack Kelly, Jack Taylor and Kelly, Kelly and Seddons' Mouse, Johnny Saunders and Ned Mallahan, Frank Gilania (?) and Johnny Riley and Mike Cooure and Sam Darrer, the last-named artist providing a dessert which sat excellently well upon the stomachs of the banqueters, and fitly brought to an end a feast of genuinely good things, which, from the pugilistic point of view, was extracted from the meet between Edwards and Dougherty; but it was somewhat of a disappointment, for, though Daniel did fairly, he was not overtaxed, whereas all Daniel did scarcely succeeded in getting in even a little "one for his nob," let alone the crusher which some persons fondly hoped he might succeed in planting on the champion's dial; and he gained a better idea than he ever before possessed of the latter's hitting powers. It was the first time in a long while that Pete Croker had to administer to a "scientific" man of weight over 200 pounds, the boot being almost invariably on the other leg, and, though he never performs badly, with this in his favor he did particularly well. Lord M. Beresford's b. m. Caramel, by Vandal, dam Industry, 4yrs., 98lb, third. Betting: 4 to 1 against Corruleus, 7 to 1 against Conseil, and 25 to 1 against Caramel. The Shrewsbury Cup, 600sovs. in specie, added to a handicap of 25sovs. each, half forfeit, the second to save his stake, about two miles, was raced for Nov. 19. It had eleven starters out of eighty-seven subscribers, and was won by R. Fosbery's ch. h. Prodigal, 4yrs., 8st 7lb, by Outcast, dam the Crozier mare (Penitent's dam), 100lb; W. Crawford's b. c. The Flying Scotchman, 3 years, by Voltigeur, dam Borealis, 77lb, second; J. Pincham's b. f. Lily Agnes, 3yrs., by Macaroni, dam Polly Agnes, 119lb, third. Stray Shot was the favorite, but failed to get a place. Betting: 20 to 1 against Prodigal, 7 to 1 against The Flying Scotchman, 6 to 1 against Lily Agnes, and 3 to 1 against Stray Shot.

SOUTHERN RACE MEETINGS.—The Southern racing campaign has fairly commenced, the Wilmington and Charleston (S. C.) meetings having already been run. The Charleston (S. C.) meeting commences on Jan. 21, and continues five days. The Camden (S. C.) Jockey Club meeting commences on Nov. 24, and the Louisiana Association meeting at New Orleans on Dec. 4. Quite a number of Western stables have already arrived at New Orleans for this meeting. Among them those of W. Jennings, with Fellowcraft in the Pacific Coast (whose owner, George Rice, is at the Hot Springs, Ark.), and two two-year-olds; M. Welch's, with Fort Leonard, Mainsail and Capt. Hutchinson's; Clay & Young's stable, with Sam Harper, Ella Harper and Corrinder; Ed. Harrison's, with Falmouth; and Bell Bird's, with Malmistie and Tecuica. The Northern stables of Messrs. Babcock, Barton & Medinger, Hitchcock, and Jordan & Fox, are en route, and those of Capt. Courill, J. H. Davis, Rowell & Co., will also be on hand at the meeting.

A MATCH for $500, mile heats, three in five, in harness, between Jean Tront a b. g. John H. and H. Woodruff's m. Nettie Bortier, was decided at Myrtle Park, Boston, Mass., Nov. 18, 19, in favor of the former, who took the first, second and fifth heats, the third and fourth falling to Nettie. Time, 2:38¾, 2:38¾, 2:37, 2:35¾, 2:29¾.

AQUATICS.

THE INTERNATIONAL ROWING REGATTA AT PHILADELPHIA.

Commodore James Ferguson of the Schuylkill Navy has submitted to the Director-general Goshorn the subjoined programme for the grand amateur and professional regatta which is to form one of the most interesting sporting features of the Centennial in Philadelphia, and that officia has signified his approval of the document:

First.—An international race will be held, open to all regularly-organized boat-clubs throughout the world, to be rowed in accordance with the rules of the National Amateur Rowing Association of the United States; the prizes to be a piece of plate each for fours, for pairs, for doubles, and for single-sculls, and, in addition, medals to be presented to each man rowing in the race, to be of gold for the winning crew, for the second crew of silver, and the remainder of bronze.

Second.—An international college race for four-oared shells will be held, the prize to be a piece of plate with a gold medal to each member of the winning crew; open only to undergraduates.

Third.—An international graduates' race will be held for four-oared shells, open only to graduates of colleges or universities; the prize being a piece of plate, and a gold medal to each member of the winning crew.

No person will be allowed to row in both the international college race and international graduates' race.

Fourth.—Professional races will be held, open to all crews throughout the world, for four-oared and single-scull shells, for suitable purses, the amounts of which will be announced by the 1st of May, 1876.

The races will be held between the 29th of August and the 15th of September, and the entries close July 15.

An entrance fee of $25 will be charged for fours, $15 for pairs and doubles, and $10 for singles. This fee will be returned to all boats starting, and is demanded as a guarantee of good faith in making the necessary arrangements for boating boats.

The amateur races will be rowed in heats, one and a half miles, straight-away. The professional races will be rowed one and a half miles and return.

Besides the above prizes, the "Jury on Rowing" of the United States Centennial Commission, who will have an oversight of all the races, will award the diplomas and medal of the Commission to the victors.

The National Amateur Rowing Association will hold their annual regatta over the same course (the National) either previous to or immediately after the above international races.

The following definition of an amateur oarsman, with the required pledge, will be strictly enforced: The president or presiding officer and secretary of each club entering either of the amateur races or regatta controlled by the Schuylkill Navy will be required to certify on honor, in writing, that each member of the crew entered is strictly an amateur, and is not paid, directly or indirectly, for his services, either by place, emolument or office, as a mechanic, or by reason of his being a member of the club; that he be "does not enter in open competition for either a stake, public or admission money, or entrance fee, or compete with or against a professional for any prize, and has never taught, pursued, or assisted in the pursuit of athletic exercises as a means of livelihood, or has been employed in or about boats, or in manual labor on the water."

SCULLING AT NEW HAVEN.—A scullers' match, for a $30 cup, two miles, with a turn, between Julian Kennedy of Yale and E. D. Bainbridge of this city, was decided on Lake Saltonstall, near New Haven, Ct., Nov. 17. The New Yorker was first to show in front, which he did as soon as the word was given, and in one hundred yards had drawn clear, but he was not able to increase his lead; on the contrary, a close race for half a mile or so resulted in the college oarsman going to the fore, and "Dick" was led to the turning-stake by several lengths. Kennedy made a lazy turn, and when he was pointed homeward Bainbridge was upon even terms. Kennedy quickly drew away again, however, and won easily by some 150 yards in 14:57¾. ReCrred, James Watson.

THE NASSAU CLUB of this city held their annual election a few days ago with the following result: President, Chas. Roome; vice president, Chas. Meyers; secretary, Walter Wilcox; treasurer, James Wills; captain, Lindsey Watson; coxswain, Wm. Robison; trustee, F. G. Brown, Robt. L. Reade, John H. Abeal Jr., and Wm. Brookfield.

THE HARVARD UNIVERSITY CREW is at present made up as follows: W. L. Haynes, '78 (bow); M. James, L. S. S.; H. F. Warden, '78; M. R. Jacobs, '78; W. A. Bancroft, '78; A. P. Loring, '78 (stroke and captain). E. T. Hastings, '76, and G. W. Irving, L. S. S., are the substitutes. The men row and practice regularly every day.

CHARLES NORRIS overcame J. R. Lewis in a shell race, three miles, straight, on the Harlem River, Nov. 18. It was won by ten lengths, but the distance would not have been so great if Lewis had not hugged the shore so closely that he ran aground. Time, 25:30.

A SCULLERS' RACE, resulting from a challenge issued by T. A. Vernon, took place on Lake Saltonsall, Ct., Nov. 17, between him and H. Livingston; distance two miles, turn. Livingston won very easily in 15:31.

THE SCHOOL OF MINES crew defeated the Class of '79, Columbia College, in a four-oared gig race, two miles, straight-away, on the Harlem, Nov. 17. Won easily in 13:20.

FRANK KILSEY will please call or send for a letter addressed to him in our care.

THE RING.

PRIZE BATTLE IN DELAWARE.

The match entered into at Philadelphia, Oct. 25, between those light-weight novices, James Weeden and William Walker, to mill at catch-weights, for $200, within fifty miles of the Quaker City, but outside of Pennsylvania, was brought off satisfactorily on Friday, Nov. 19. A correspondent, who was one of the chosen few who attended the mill, sends us the subjoined report:

A very select party of merchants, gentlemen of leisure and sports numbering about forty in all, left one of the wharves on the Delaware front at 12:30 A. M., Friday, getting away very quietly and stopping but once on the way down the river to the fighting ground, some twenty-six miles below the city, which was reached at 5:30 A. M. It was a very retired spot, about 200 yards from the river. The ring was pitched at early dawn, a little after 6 A. M. The principals and their seconds entered. Walker was the first to be ady in his corner, quietly followed by Weeden. Arthur Chambers pipped a penny for choice of corners with Johnny Clark, the latter winning and placing Weeden on the high ground. The referee having given entire satisfaction to all, time was now in readiness. Arthur Chambers and Dick Goodwin, alias "Spring Dick," seconded Walker, while Johnny Clark and Fred Smith did the agreeable for Weeden. Tommy Gantley, formerly of Manchester, Eng., officiated as referee. Harry Hicken was umpire for Walker, and Mike Donovan acted in like capacity for Weeden. The men were both in fine condition, Walker looking as though he could fight for a man's life, and Weeden being as hard as nails. Both seemed confident, too. Walker is 19 years of age, a smithy's helper by occupation, and weighed 125lb. His colors were a dark-blue silk wipe, with a white satin border. Weeden is 21 years of age, a blacksmith, and weighs 131lb. He sported as his assign a white silk togie, with blue border—the national colors.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. At 6:45 A. M. time was called, and the men were delivered at the scratch, Walker leading very cautiously for some ten minutes, when Walker led with his left, getting on Weeden's body and evading the return. In a moment more Walker had again, getting on Weeden's lip and drawing the ruby. *First blood* claimed and allowed for Billy. They closed and Walker gained the fall.

2. Walker, leading with his left, got on Weeden's body three times in succession, Weeden failing to reach his man to advantage in the in-fighting, and both going down, Walker uppermost.

3. Both men fighting hard and very fast; both down on the ropes, Walker under.

4. Walker led on the body. The train from Baltimore was now nearly due, and the men were ordered to their corners, and all hands laid down until it passed. Then the men then renewed the fight, Walker dealing a blow on Weeden's left ear, which drew blood, and another on the side of the head. Weeden closed and Walker got in two on Billy's corner. *First knock-down* allowed for Walker. Time, 17 minutes.

5. Both men advanced quickly to the call of time, both looking a little flushed. They sparred cautiously, patiently waiting for an opening. Weeden finally let drive, but was neatly countered by Walker on the left eye, the blow again turning on the tap. An embrace, and Walker was thrown.

6. Both men came up determined and fought with a will finally going down side by side.

7. Both prompt to time. Good in-fighting, a clench. Walker throwing Weeden on the ropes.

8. Same as the previous round, except that Weeden gained the fall.

9. Good in-fighting, a wrestle, and Weeden under.

10 to 16. Good, hard milling, Weeden having the best of it at close quarters, and the contest going down together at the end, either side by side or first one and then the other under.

17. Walker planted two blows on Weeden's body, and came away without a return. A long round, both going down side by side.

18 to 21. Same as before, except the 19th, when Walker was under. They had now fought 55 minutes.

22. Dick and Arthur advising Walker to force the fighting. He led with his left, a stinger on the pit of the stomach, but in trying it again he caught a nasty one on the left optic. Weeden thrown.

23. After a few exchanges they closed, Weeden throwing his man.

24. Weeden sent in a stunner, crossing Walker on the jaw. The former showed the stronger of the two, and in the close threw Bill. The 25th round was similar.

26. Weeden came up looking mighty dangerous, and, feinting with the left, he delivered heavily on the dial twice, clenched and threw his opponent.

27 and 28. Short rounds, a couple of efforts leading to a close, and the men going to grass side by side.

29. Jim landed twice on Walker's face, closed, and gave Bill the back-heel. Odds offered on Weeden and no takers.

30 and 31. Walker, who had fallen weak, led on Weeden's body with the left, but was neatly countered on the jaw; both down, side by side.

THE SHOWMAN'S THANKSGIVING AT SAM MILLER'S.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MAT MAC ARNO.

Did you ever stop into Sam Miller's old tavern?
The man and the tavern are dead—more's the pity!
'Twas the warmest old nook and the coziest tavern
That ever was hid in the quaint Quaker City.
When the Autumn winds howled, and the gray skies were murky,
In his snug little dining room bright, in November,
To behold Uncle Samuel carving a turkey
Was a sight that, once seen, you would always remember.

He catered and carved for the circus profession,
And they came to his house at the end of the season;
And when they had entered they took full possession,
For he loved them and trusted them—that was the reason.
Though their pockets were bare, he was never hard hearted,
But would wait for his pay till the times were less pressing;
And sometimes it happened that, when they departed,
He lent them some money and gave them his blessing.

Old Sammy is dead! If he only were living,
And the tavern he owned were not rent all asunder,
We would gather this year and enjoy a Thanksgiving
That should be a perpetual pleasure and wonder.
We'd extend invitations to saint and to sinner,
And enforce them with phrases sincerer and warmer
Than ever were heard at a big formal dinner,
And each guest should be known as a circus performer.

Uncle Levi J. North should preside at the table,
And those that he trained would come following after;
Four "doctors" who took the degree in his stable
Would provide for our healths and provoke us to laughter.
And the champion leapers, forgetting their quarrel,
Down into the places assigned them would clamber;
While our good natured landlord would tap his last barrel
Of "Smith's Philadelphia"—ancient and amber.

The Whittaker's, Cookes, Burts, Bicknoys and Aymars,
With all the good clowns who adorn the profession,
Van Amburgh's descendants—the old lion-tamers—
And a host of rare fellows would come in procession,
Till they thronged the dining room down to the stairway,
(What a pity Uncle Sam isn't living!),
For as soon as they were gathered we'd be in a fair way
To enjoy the best time ever known on Thanksgiving.

But, alas! they are gone—both the man and the tavern—
And the skies of November are chilly and murky;
The North King has loosed his wild winds from their cavern,
And the Lord only knows where we'll get our next turkey!

But on Thanksgiving Day, however, it passes
When memory weakens in beautiful flashes;
Forget all your troubles and fill up your glasses,
And drink to Sam Miller—and peace to his ashes!

A BORN DESERTER.

From the Notebook of an Ex-Army Officer.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I have often thought that Nature was guilty of a great mistake when she made Morty Sullivan a Circassian instead of a Malay or a North American Indian. His place, by right, should have been among the noble red men of the plains, and not amid the romantic mountains of Kerry. Physically considered, he was a very fine specimen of art, and might have mustered among even the "lightning-bred Charcesses," for he was unusually tall, well formed, agile and muscular, with a symmetrical head and open countenance to match; but in mind and heart he was simply an unmitigated savage, with all the bad and good qualities of the primitive child of the forest thoroughly developed. A disposition to be sometimes combine in an unwonted degree the various characteristics of the animal kingdom. He was cunning as a fox, untamable as a hyena, but a lion for courage and a Newfoundland dog for fidelity. Though tricky and unreliable on ordinary occasions, when confronted by any unusual danger, which to most men is filled with sulphurous vapor and musical with the whizzing of deadly missiles, he was like the war-horse that "smelled the battle afar off," and seemed rather to like it. Born into our hemisphere, he doubtless would have been a decided success as a Sioux warrior, or a chief in the council of braves assembled in Washington with the Great White Father; but in the role of a civilized Union soldier, I regret to record, he was a melancholy failure.

I first met this tall son of Anak in 1863-4, when the Army of the Potomac was in Winter-quarters about the Rappahannock. I was then a lieutenant of Company F of the —th Regiment, N. Y. Vols. As our regiment had been engaged in many previous battles, and had suffered severely in consequence, we had been allowed to send to New York a recruiting detail to help to fill up our depleted ranks, so that we were constantly receiving small detachments of new men. To drill this raw material and fit it, in some sense, for the approaching campaign was the principal duty of the line-officers. One wet afternoon I was informed by my sergeant that six or seven files of recruits had arrived and were assigned to Co. F. I issued forth in the rain to welcome my welcome reinforcement. While my orderly was examining the descriptive list and calling the roll, I cast my eye over the inchoate heroes. They were all, with one exception, like ordinary recruits, awkward and ill-dressed; the exception was a tall, splendidly-built man, whose uniform fitted him with exactness, and even an elegance altogether unusual in a new soldier. He was straight as a gun-barrel, and held his head erect with a precision in marked contrast to the slouching gait and furtive glances of his companions. His eyes were deep-set and lustrous, but, as I could only catch one glance of them before they were turned away, I could not determine their color.

The man impressed me the moment I saw him, and I as quickly came to the conclusion that he had a history of no common interest. Accordingly, when the men were assigned quarters and the sergeant came to me to sign for them, I said to that worthy:

"Sergeant, how many have we had to-day?"

"Fifteen, captain."

"This is a very tall man among them—what is his name?"

"Sullivan, sir; Morty Sullivan," he replied. "At least, that is the name on the list."

"A countryman of yours, sergeant, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir; I believe so. He speaks like a Cork or a Kerry man."

"Well," I continued, "he is a fine-looking fellow; and if he fights as well as he looks, our company has got a decided acquisition."

The sergeant made no response; he evidently did not altogether share my good opinion of the newcomer. Before I could question him further, with the worst morning came the usual two hours' drill, and, to my surprise as well as gratification, I found the big recruit as much at home in the ranks as the oldest veteran. His step was firm and precise, while he handled his musket with an ease and dexterity which could only be the result of long practice. This matutinal task performed, I was quietly walking in front of my tent, smoking a briarwood with a complacency which follows the proper performance of duty, yet still thinking of my singular recruit, when the latter, with the most approved air of a soldier on review, saluting with the open palm, in the English fashion.

"Good-morning," I said, halting him. "Your name is Sullivan, I understand."

"Yes, captain; Morty Sullivan."

"You do you like your new position and quarters?"

"Very well indeed; so far, I am perfectly satisfied," he replied.

"You have been in the service before, I should judge from your walk and drill," I continued. "Was it in the volunteers or regulars?"

"In neither, captain," he answered with some hesitation. "I have been in the British army for a while, but left it because I was dissatisfied."

"Ah! want of promotion, I suppose. Well, Sullivan, you are now in a company and in a regiment where promotion is rapid—too rapid sometimes—and if you only escape the rebels and conduct yourself properly, you may soon wear the shoulder-straps. Half the officers of this brigade were enlisted men when it came out in '61."

"I have no desire for such honors," he remarked, in a tone somewhat sorrowful. "If I can only do my duty well, it is all I care for."

"Anyone who does that does all he can," I continued. "I am glad to see you are one of those who can and will do it, but you must remember that ambition is the virtue of a soldier. Take care of yourself, and I will not lose sight of you."

Thus encouraged, he walked slowly away, seemingly nothing elated by the words of hope I had spoken. Weeks and months passed, and I saw little of my strange recruit, except during drill hours. On other occasions he appeared desirous of avoiding me, and I was reluctant to encroach on his reserve. I had occasionally made inquiries about him from the orderly, and found that he was scrupulously diligent about all his duties, but by no means a favorite with his fellow-soldiers.

"I don't know how it is, captain," said the sergeant to me one day, "but the company does not like Sullivan at all. Though he's a well-drilled man, and very quiet, I can't say that I am very fond of him myself."

"Hush, tut," I said; "that is very foolish of you and the company. The man is naturally a-date; and, if he does not want to be social, perhaps he has his own good reasons for it. He looks like a person that might have had troubles in his short lifetime."

"Troubles!" exclaimed the worthy non-commissioned officer, laughing. "Be gorra, captain, if you heard him in his sleep, you would say sure enough, that he has had troubles, and mighty great ones at that. Why, they tell me that he does be dreaming every night, an' shoutin' out 'Murder, murder!' all the time."

"Dreams, only dreams, sergeant. You know that Shakespeare says that dreams are only shadows."

"I don't know what he says," replied the unlettered orderly; "but the boys do complain that he frightens them out of their sleep by his queer ways; and, when they talk to him about them afterwards, he tells all sorts of odd stories that they can't swallow."

"Oh, if they let him alone, he will soon come all right. A man is not obliged to answer every impertinent question about his private affairs."

This finished my inquiries about Sullivan for the time; but an incident occurred soon after, which, if it did not gain for him the affection of his comrades, certainly raised him considerably in their respect and esteem. It happened this way:

Several companies had been ordered out on picket-duty, mine among the number. It happened to have been placed in the reserve, nearly opposite the centre of our line, and, apprehending no immediate danger, as for several nights past there had been no firing between the opposing forces, I gave permission to my command to lie down, being careful to keep awake myself. For hours I lay stretched under a tree, gazing at the pale, full moon as she seemed to be dashing through the fleecy clouds, as if pursued by a deadly enemy. Not a sound, save the melancholy note of a night bird, broke the oppressive stillness. At length I thought I heard a light footfall near me, and, on turning partly round, to my utter horror and amazement I beheld the figure of a man standing over me, his left hand holding a gun trailed, and his right a glittering bayonet raised in the act of striking. For one instant I felt completely paralyzed; the next I essayed to scream, but no sound came from my lips. The weapon glinted in the moonlight, descended, and I could almost fancy I could feel it passing through my heart, when a crash, as a forest-tree had fallen, electrified me, and I bounded to my feet.

The unusual noise had also aroused the reserve, and the sleepy man was immediately at his post in anticipation of an attack, while wondering what was the matter. The mystery was, however, soon explained. Beside where I had lain was the corpse of a gigantic mule, his head cloven in, and a rifle and bayonet at either side. Above him stood Sullivan, his musket grasped near the muzzle of the barrel, and the shattered stock resting on the ground. In answer to a look of mine, the brave fellow simply remarked:

"Captain, you had a narrow escape of it that time. Had just awoken from a bad dream when I saw the fellow sneaking along in the underbrush towards you. I suspected he was one of those cowardly guerrillas and intended mischief, so I crept after him, and was just in time to knock his damned brains out."

"And very opportunely and skillfully you did it, and I am very grateful to you for saving my life," I replied, grasping his hand. It was handsomely and firmly pressed. It is not the first time you tried your hand in that way."

Though this was said by way of compliment, the soldier started as if a snake had bitten him. A dark cloud passed over his brow, and his eye fairly gleamed with passion. Then, by a mighty effort, he recovering his composure, he walked away to the reserve, apparently neither caring for nor listening to the whispered congratulations of his fellows.

Of course, the news of this adventure was soon spread among the regiment, and the colonel, without any suggestion of mine, promoted my bold but-on my return to the front I was destined to meet Sullivan under different and to me, at least, painful circumstances. It appears that, during my absence, excited by the taunts and jeers of some of the men who had overheard him talk in his sleep, he had quarreled with them, and even struck one or two of them blows so severe that the recipients had to be sent to hospital. For this he was arrested, after some difficulty, by a file of guard, and on his way to the guard-house, his passion still unsubdued, he broke away from his captors, knocked down the sergeant in charge, and escaped to the woods. He was, however, soon after retaken and ordered before a court-martial. The day of my arrival the court was in session, and in gratitude for his past conduct I resolved to volunteer as a witness in his behalf.

I was the only one on his side, and, though nothing I might say could possibly save him, I had the satisfaction of knowing that, in consequence of my representations, his sentence was considerably mitigated, he having been only condemned to one year's imprisonment on the Rip Raps.

The demeanor of Sullivan during his trial and for some days subsequently was characteristic of the man. Outwardly he was coolly stern and indifferent, and not without a shade of dignity in his manner, but his dark gray or hazel eye burned with the smouldering fury of a demon. When his sentence was announced he thanked the court with a pleasant, easy smile, and a few well-chosen words; but as I passed him and took his proffered hand, I felt as if there was a throbbing pulse in every fibre of it.

"I am very grateful to you, captain, for your kindness," he said in an undertone. "It was well meant, but could do me no service. Good-bye.—All I ask of you now is that, no matter what you may hear of me in the future, you will judge with fairness, if not with charity."

He turned away, perhaps to hide the emotion he could not well conceal, and I went on my way, thinking that I had probably seen and heard the last of him.

But it was not to be so. A few days afterwards my orderly, after bringing me the morning report to sign, lingered in front of my quarters, as if desirous of saying something, and not knowing how to begin. Observing his embarrassment, I concluded to help him out by remaking: "Any news in camp to-day, sergeant?"

"Oh, nothing, sir," replied the soldier; "but that Morty Sullivan is gone."

"Ah! poor fellow! he has been sent to his island prison very quickly."

"Prison! Oh, the ne'er a prison he'll go to, I'll be bound. He went last night—deserted to the Johnnies after breaking open the corn-cribs, half-murderin' four or five of the provost-guard, and killin' the head quarters' post, who tried to fire at him."

"Is it possible!" I exclaimed. "Why, sergeant, I never thought Sullivan was so desperate a character. Whatever he might do in the heat of passion, I did not imagine he could violate his solemn oath and go over to the enemy."

"But he's gone, sir, sure enough. He passed out through the pickets on Company D's front before they could stop him, and made for the rebs' lines. You might have heard the firing last night. Well, that was the last of him, and Jim Collins will be put in ball through him, but whether he killed him or not he doesn't know."

"Well, well," I said, "it is to be hoped that Collins took good aim. The man has evidently lead a wild life, and it is as well that he should be ended now, before he has had time to sin deeper. Good-day, sergeant."

At the period of which I write courts-martial and executions were of frequent occurrence in the Army of the Potomac. The laxity of discipline which had prevailed in that organization, and the great influx of desperate characters, mostly substitutes and bounty recruited by fellows, who went into the service for the most money and the least fighting—in fact, for no fighting at all—led to numerous cases of desertion, sometimes to the rear, and very often to the enemy. The former offense was not usually considered capital, but the latter was treated with the utmost severity.

Early in 1864 a court was convened to try soldiers accused of both classes of crime, and I happened to be appointed judge-advocate. My military readers will easily understand the peculiar duties of that position. To the civilian I can best describe them by saying that a judge-advocate is a sort of prosecuting attorney for the Government, while, in the absence of authorized counsel for the accused, he is also his adviser, summons his witnesses, and, if necessary, conducts the cross examination, as well as the examination in chief, with fairness and impartiality.

Though many persons had been brought before our court, it did not long remain in session. The cases were too plain to admit of much delay, and, as the subterfuges and technicalities of municipal trybunals are unknown to military law, they were promptly disposed of. Some of the defendants were acquitted, and others sentenced to various terms of imprisonment, fines, forfeitures and loss of rank. None were proved guilty enough to merit the extreme penalty of the law, and the members were congratulating themselves on this fact, and on a speedy dissolution of the court. To expedite matters, I one day called on the Division Assistant Adjutant-general to inform him that the last trial before us was nearly finished, and if he had no further business for us we would close our labors in a day or two.

"Oh I let me see," said Colonel M——, searching through a pile of papers before him. "One more case, I believe—desertion to the enemy. Here are the charge and specifications, with a list of witnesses. Let there be no mistaking or leniency in this matter, for the general is resolved to punish with the greatest severity all such crimes. Besides, this culprit has a very bad reputation in the corps, and, as I am informed, deserves to be made an example of."

I took the papers from his hand, and to my amazement found them indorsed "Morty Sullivan, private Co. F, —th N. Y. Vols. Charge: Desertion to the enemy." I knew at once that his case was hopeless.

This was on Monday, and on the second day following he would be called before the court. With what recollections I could not help feeling an intense interest in the hapless prisoner's fate, and all the intervening time I could spare I devoted to preparing him for some sort of a defense, but to little purpose.

When I first called on him, I was shocked beyond expression at his altered appearance. He was worn to a skeleton by suffering, exposure, and starvation; but his figure, though fearfully emaciated, was still erect, and his eye shone with unearthly brilliancy, in strange contrast to his hollow, sallow cheeks, and premature gray hair. His dress, if it might be so called, was a mixture of civilian's rags and Confederate butternut uniform. One arm was rudely bandaged and slung, broken doubtless by the ball of Collins, which had not been merciful enough in its direction.

Endeavoring to hide the emotions which the sight of such utter wretchedness awoke in me, I said, somewhat kindly:

"Sullivan, I am really sorry to find you in this awful position. As judge-advocate of the court that is about to try you for the greatest crime known to military law, I have come to give you my best advice. Have you any witnesses on your side?"

For several minutes he was silent, his face hidden in his hands. Then, raising his eyes slowly to my face, he deliberately said:

"I am much obliged to you for calling, captain; but it is of no use. I know I have forfeited my life, and I am willing to die. I shall not make any defense."

"But, Sullivan," I urged, "the crime of which you are accused is a most infamous one, and the penalty is in the highest degree disgraceful to a soldier—to be shot by his comrades. I once thought that in this intense excitement you were capable of committing any act of violence, but I never supposed that you could have been guilty of desertion to the enemy."

"No, I am I guilty now," he almost hissed out. "I acknowledge that, stung to madness by the sneers of my jailors, I struck some of them, overpowered the guard, knocked over a sentry, and ran I knew not whither; but if I did desert, it was *towards* the enemy, and not *to* them."

He paused; but catching, I suppose, an incredulous expression on my face, he resumed with even more than his former vehemence:

"If I had gone over to the rebels, don't you think they would have clothed and fed me? If I had entered their ranks, do you imagine I would ever have been taken alive with arms in my hands? No, no, I have lived the past six weeks between the lines, with only the berries and an odd scrap of biscuit for my food. It was hunger and pain that at last overpowered me and delivered me, the weak thing you see, into the hands of your soldiers. I never intended to raise my arm against the flag I swore to defend. Never!"

"Then," I said, now deeply impressed with the truthfulness of his statement, "if this can be satisfactorily proved before the court, your case may not be so bad, after all."

"'Tis of no use," he repeated; "the court, very properly, will not take my word for it. I am tired of life, and might as well end it now."

"But your friends, your relatives, will they not feel the disgrace of your execution as a common felon?"

"Friends! relations!" he exclaimed with increasing fierceness. "Thank God, I have none. I had some once, whose hearts would have been torn at the bare suspicion of my having to meet such a fate, but they are long since dead and beyond the reach of human sorrow. No matter—I may tell you something of them before we finally part."

In vain I tried to awaken in the self-condemned man a hope I did not myself feel. He was determined to make no effort to avoid his fate, and I was obliged to leave him, fully impressed with the conviction that, though he was probably not guilty of the alleged crime in its more aggravated form, his doom was sealed.

The trial soon came on. The prisoner wanted to plead guilty, but the court ordered a negative plea to be entered. Witnesses were examined to prove the acts of violence in and around the guard-house, the striking of the sentry with the butt of his own musket, and the escape of the assailant through the pickets, his having been fired upon when refusing to halt, and his final capture, while asleep near the enemy's quarters, by a squad of cavalry videttes. Then, being asked what he had to say in his own defense, Sullivan replied:

"Nothing—all true."

Of course he was found guilty, and condemned to be shot at an early day; and as the finding of the court was soon after approved of at headquarters and in Washington, the judgment became irrevocable.

The night before the time appointed for his execution I was sent for by the condemned, and I hastened to comply with his last request. As I was about to enter his prison, I met coming out the chaplain of the regiment.

"Good-evening, father." I said in a low tone; "you have been visiting the prisoner, I perceive."

"Yes," he replied with a sigh; "I have been endeavoring to prepare his soul to meet the great Judge of us all."

"How do you find him disposed—fierce and reckless, as usual, or penitent?"

"He is full of contrition for his past misdeeds, and, though physically he does not appear to fear death, I am self-led he feels that a long life of penance could scarcely atone for his past sins. However, God is merciful; He has given him time for preparation, and we must trust to His charity for the rest. Are you going to see him?"

"I am, for I may not see him but once."

"Well, you will find him an altered man. Don't remain too long with him, nor attempt to recall his thoughts to things of this world, for he is done with them forever."

Promising to observe the advice of the good priest, and bidding him adieu, I entered.

I did indeed find Sullivan altered. He was lying on a sort of bed or bunk, but arose as I made my appearance. By the dim light I could not well judge the expression of his face, but his voice, as he thanked me for coming, sounded solemn and subdued.

"Captain," he gravely said, "you have always been kind to me. I have a secret in my breast which I feel I must disclose to somebody; will you hear it from a dying man and believe him?"

I assured him that I would gladly do so.

"Well then," he said, "here is the short story of my ill-spent life. I am about thirty-three years of age, and was born near Tralee, in the county of Kerry. My mother's name was Sullivan, but who was my father I never knew. Sometimes I have thought I was illegitimate, and then again, from rumors I have heard in the neighborhood, and from some vague hints dropped by my mother, I am convinced that I am the lawful offspring of some wealthy and high-born man, who from peculiar reasons could not acknowledge his marriage. When a boy I frequently asked my mother all sorts of childish questions about my father, but she would evade them; and, as my answers seemed to pain her, I left off my inquiries as I grew older, in the hope that some day the mystery would be cleared up. Though deserted by nearly all her relatives, my mother did not seem, at least in my presence, positively unhappy. She had a competency of her own, and all the care and money that a doting parent could lavish on the education of a wild, spoiled child were freely expended on me. But I was fonder of outdoor sports than of books, and, though I acquired a tolerable fund of knowledge, I was more proud of being considered the best horseman and truest shot in the county. I had no companions save my horse, my dog, and gun, and most of my time was spent in the saddle or shooting in the mountains.

"It was while thus engaged one day that an event happened which influenced my whole after-life. I had just brought down a brace of woodcock and was about to recharge my fowling-piece, when a voice at the other side of a small copse attracted my attention.

"'Who is that gentleman that has made so splendid a shot?' said a voice which, from its accent, I recognized to be foreign.

"'Oh, that is one Mortimer Sullivan,' was the reply; 'he is no gentleman. *We* call him Sullivan the bastard.'

"'Indeed!'

"I did not wait to hear more, but quickly stepped around the brushwood and confronted the two speakers, my blood boiling with rage and my whole body trembling with indignation.

"'Which of you gentlemen,' I roared, 'has seen fit to call me bastard?'

"There was a pause. Then one of them, whom I knew was a son of the owner of the estate upon which I stood, drew himself up, and answered, in a tone of studied contempt:

"'It was I, fellow; and I warn you, if you are found again poaching on this ground, you will be sent to jail, and perhaps farther.'

"These words were scarcely uttered, when, seizing my gun, I struck him a blow with the stock that felled him bleeding and senseless to the earth. You remember how I treated the guerrilla who would have taken your life? Well, it was then I first practiced the blow.

"His companion, an athletic young man, would have attempted to revenge his friend's fall, but I quickly presented my gun and threw it a distance from us, merely saying:

"'Look to your comrade; he wants your help badly,' and walked away.

"Under the impression that I had killed my slanderer, I hastened home, changed my clothes, and, taking my mother's hand, bade her good-bye. In two or three days I reached Cork, whence a regiment of foot was about to sail for India, and, enlisting in it, was soon on the broad ocean, far away from home, friends and enemies.

"While in India we were constantly engaged in battles on skirmishing, and, as I had the good fortune to exhibit what was called bravery, I was promoted several times, and finally reached the rank of sergeant. I wrote to my mother frequently, and she to me, and from one of her early letters I was rejoiced to learn that the blow I had given was not fatal, but that the young man had recovered from his injuries, and expressed no desire to pursue the matter further. I cannot tell you how overjoyed I was to find that I was not a murderer.

"After nearly four years spent in the dreary East, our regiment was ordered home, and I, with a small portion of it, went into barracks at Wexford. As we recrossed the ocean, what pleasure I anticipated at meeting my mother, my dear, my cherished, only friend! Alas! the first intelligence I received on landing was of her death, and with her died all hope of discovering my true parentage. The world was desolate to me; I was alone in the world, with no past or future, with nothing but dark clouds surrounding me on every side. Had my grief been less, I might have rushed into excesses of every kind. As it was, I sank into total melancholy and mental depression. My life, fortunately for me, was destined to be a short one; a bright being, too bright and pure for this bad world, soon appeared to dispel the gloom that hung around me. I imagine I can see her now before me, with her graceful, girlish form, fair young face, soft blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets that hung down to her waist. She was not clever, I think, nor even thoroughly educated; but her heart was warm and strong, and her mind had the natural refinement and pure instincts of true womanhood. We loved each other from the first: she with the clinging confidence of a child, and I with the absorbing passion of a strong man, so long living desolate and alone.

"I had been left a considerable sum of money by my deceased mother, and with it we agreed that I should buy out of the army, marry Alice, and emigrate to the United States. To these propositions her parents, more especially her father, for a while our lives were a perfect dream of happiness that long, delicious walks we took in the romantic scenery, what pictures we drew of our future home in the far West! Under the influence of that gentle girl I was beginning to find myself an altered man, and fondly hoped that in course of time my wayward and untutored temper would be reformed into steadiness and self-control. But I was deceived. One evening, Alice, who had been visiting in the neighborhood, could not resist the temptation of passing the barracks in hopes of catching a glimpse of me. It happened that it was my turn of duty, and I was standing at the gate as she came along. It was natural that she should have stopped to speak to me, if only for a moment. While doing so it chanced that one of the officers—me, too, who has a very bad reputation for immorality—passed by, and, observing me, and seeing the girl, suddenly halted. I noticed that he was armed and partly intoxicated. With a sinister grin on his face, he drawled out:

"'Haw, my pwetty gal—come, let's see your face. By Jove! I must have one kiss at least.'

"Alice, who was very bashful and reserved, and I, with as much coolness as I could command, replied:

"'Stand back, lieutenant'—as are mistaken here; this is my future wife, and if you advance another pace I will strike you.'

"'Oh! oh!' exclaimed the besotted wretch, 'you will, will you? You will strike an officer. Let's see if you will do it.'

"So saying, he drew his sword with the evident intention of running me through. A sentry, who had been walking his post, and had paused for a moment to hear the conversation, stood close by me. Without a moment's hesitation, I wrested the musket from his hands, and, bringing it down on the head of my assailant with all my force, I crushed him to the earth. He never spoke afterwards. Fully conscious of the enormity of the act I had committed, I seized Alice, who had fainted, bore her to the house of her friends in the vicinity, and then, having procured a disguise, I fled towards the Tipperary mountains for concealment. For weeks I lay hidden in their friendly recesses awaiting an opportunity to escape to America, but none offered. A vessel, however, was advertised to sail from Waterford for Australia, and, by the aid of the connivance of the friends of Alice, I procured a passage. I only went as far as the Cape of Good Hope, however, and from there, tempted by the glowing accounts I had heard, and urged on by a reckless disposition, I made my way with some others to the African diamond fields. I was more fortunate than many who had undertaken that perilous journey, and on my return to Cape Town, a few months after, I found myself comparatively wealthy. My first, my only thoughts, were of Alice. I had received several letters from her at irregular intervals, all breathing the same pure affection, but filled with a spirit of hopefulness and melancholy that awakened the darkest forebodings. On returning to the town I found a letter waiting for me, directed in a strange female hand. I opened it with fear and trembling. It was from the mother of Alice, and announced her death by consumption. After a few months of grief, she, too, drooped and withered from the fatal night that saw her child's hands imbrued in human blood. It is impossible to tell you how this sad news affected me. First I had brain fever, from which I now deeply regret I recovered, and for a long time afterward I wandered about the world, now in Australia, now sometimes in China or Australia, without aim or purpose. At length the news of the Civil War in America reached me, and I resolved to come here and expiate my many offenses by dying like a soldier on the battle-field, defending so just and liberal a Government. How I have failed, miserably failed, you know too well; but the grave will soon close over me, my offenses will be forgotten by men, and I trust to the mercy of an All-good God for pardon for my sins. I have been in my bosom, next my heart, where I have worn them for a long time, Alice's letters. Will you see that they are buried with me? This is all I ask."

I told him I would see the provost-marshal, and that he might rely upon it they would not be disturbed. Then, with a heavy heart, I bade him a final farewell and left him to his reflections.

The following day the execution took place. I was obliged to be present, but I could not bear to look upon the final catastrophe. He fell, I learned, at the first fire, and ten minutes sufficed to put him into his coffin and close the grave over him. Then, as the troops filed round the newly-raised mound that covered the still warm remains of what a short time before was a being in the prime of manhood, I reflected within myself whether his defects of character were not less the result of his own evil will than of the vicious circumstances surrounding his birth and training. Reflecting on his own unvarnished narrative, I mentally asked the question: Was not this man a born deserter?

A COSTLY FAINT.—A woman on a steamboat shooting the Lachine Rapids fainted away and fell into a tub of raspberries. The expense to her husband is thus summed up by a sympathizing correspondent: Edward paid for the raspberries at ten cents a quart, $5 10; the dress was a wash one, and cost just an even $200; a pair of striped bobbinet hose, $1.50; a handkerchief, embroidered Cupid in one corner, was valued at $6; sundry other things, such as one pair five-button kid gloves, and light brown chignon, one very long bustle, etc., counted up $29 more. All these things were ruined completely, so that the exact cost of Kate's faint was $131.60.

SAID a Dakota Judge to the plaintiff in a divorce suit: "Johnny, I shall grin to inquire into circumstances in this delicterious age. You say you smashed the feller. You wouldn't done it, as a man, without reasing. Divorce granted."

SIN IS THE fruitful parent of distempers, and ill lives occasion good physicians.

ON THE FISHING-BANKS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

The dark waves lash the vessel's side,
And keen the cold winds blow,
As the captain along the wide white deck
He paceth to and fro;
He walketh hurriedly up and down,
At a fierce, impatient pace,
As towards the fishes in the foiling town
He moodily turns his face.

Doth some maid from a castle-turret high
On the departing ship look out
With a pallid face and tearful eye,
And on her lips a pout?
Has he spoken to her cruel words
That he now would fain take back,
As his gray eye rests on the line of foam
Along his vessel's track?

O love! O love! O love!
'Twas thus since the world began!
It is true and unerring woman,
It is false and deceitful man!
But in this 'ere case it is nothing
At all of that sort or kind;
For his wife is below in the cabin—
'Cos she wouldn't be left behind.

Then, with something that sounds somewhat like an oath,
He pulls up his long top-boots;
"And it's yo heave ho! my gallant lads!
To the fishing grounds!
For it's yonder are the Fishing-banks,
And I am a skipper bold;
The wind is right and our craft is tight,
And our helt is in the hold;
Our lines are long and our reels are strong,
And our hooks are sharp and bright;
And a hundred quintals of cod or more
Shall die this very night!"

J. H. B.

BLACKED UP.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY CELIA LOGAN.

Jessie Chalfant was a tall, finely-formed, graceful girl of the blush-rose style of beauty; but not a trace of color tinted her round, soft cheek now, as she listened to her betrothed, Hugh Willington, speaking in low, determined tones. He, too, was white to the very lips.

Jessie's mother had been an actress in her young days; but, having become lamed for life by a railroad accident, she had been obliged to retire from the profession, and afterwards just kept her own and daughter's body and soul together by painting maps, photographs, sewing, knitting, and fancy-work.

Jessie was not seventeen when she met Hugh Willington. They both fell madly in love, and, with the rashness of youth, became affianced. Poverty of the strictest kind was for the time being an insuperable bar to their marriage, for Hugh was a poor doctor waiting vainly for his first patient.

Matters stood thus for some months, when the sudden death of her mother, Jessie's only relative, threw her penniless upon her own resources.

Her independent spirit would not long permit her to trespass on the bounty of the landlady, and after trying one after another of the wretched means whereby women eke out a starving existence, and failing in all, she suddenly bethought herself of the stage.

"Why should I not adopt my mother's profession?" she said to herself. "I am young and strong, I can read and sing well, and they tell me that my appearance is good." This was a modest way of putting it, for she was a lovely young girl. "Surely I could get something to do in a theatre. Hugh cannot marry me for some time yet, nor support me when he would accept a maintenance from me, for the allowance he receives from his mother is barely sufficient for himself. Clearly he cannot marry until he gets a practice, which may take a long while yet. In the meantime, why should I not go upon the stage? I think I should like to be an actress."

Such sympathy being felt for the young orphan by the ever-humane and charitable profession, she experienced no difficulty in obtaining a situation; but was told that she must begin at the very beginning, and "work her way up." She engaged with a traveling company to play utility business, and to go on in the ballet, if required, for which she was to receive the munificent salary of $7 per week.

With a heart overflowing with joy she hurried home and sent for Hugh, to tell him of her good luck, little foreseeing the terrible opposition he would make, or the reproaches he would heap upon her. He was a Scotchman, who had come to this country to seek his fortunes, bringing with him all the prejudices of a straight-laced Presbyterian, of the Scotch Covenanter type, and foremost among them was a sacred horror of the stage and all its surroundings.

"You never told me," she said, after a lull in the storm of passion her telling him her plans had brought forth, "that you were opposed to the stage; and you knew long ago that my mother had been an actress."

"I knew it," was his reply. "It was because I did not wish to hurt your feelings that I never mentioned my hatred and contempt for everything theatrical."

"It is a wonder that my parentage did not prevent your wooing me."

"I was in love with you before I knew of your mother's former profession. Besides, I was not going to marry her, but you. My own mother's opposition to our marriage has been most decided from the first."

"And why?" Jessie inquired, astonished.

"Because you are an American, and poor. I never dared tell her of the other fact. My people are of the best blood in Scotland; but, as I have left my own country forever, it does not matter what they think or think. For myself, I had to root out of my heart many prejudices before I could make up my mind to make you my wife. But there is only one thing now which would prevent my marrying you."

"May I ask what is that?" the young girl said with an effort at self-control, for she felt her anger getting the mastery at his supercilious tone of superiority and condescension.

"Your persistence in this silly idea of becoming an actress. No actress can ever become my wife."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Jessie, her breast heaving with indignation.

"No—I assure you—never! I could pardon your mother's following that disgraceful calling, but never your doing so; and, once you step foot upon the stage, and go singing and dancing before the footlights, exposing your face—good God!—possibly your form—to a crowd which buys a sight at your beauty, you lose your charm for me. The spell would be broken, the enchantment over, and you would never become my wife."

"Then I never will!" cried Jessie in a sudden burst of fury.

Had he plead, reasoned, entreated her to wait until better days would dawn for him, she might have yielded to his wishes, for she loved him with all the fervor of a young heart in its first, fresh, unfettered delight; but his cold tone of command, his dictating the only terms on which he would marry her—above all, the odium he cast upon her mother's profession—made her blood boil, and, wrenching her engagement-ring from her finger, she flung it at his feet.

He started back, turned red, then white.

She had always been so amiable, so submissive, to him, that he never expected such an outbreak. What! his gentle Jessie array herself against him! Was it possible? He was struck speechless with amazement.

And thus they stood when the story opens, silently for a short time, each pale as death.

At length he gasped:

"Do you mean it?"

"I do. All is over forever between us. You have insulted me, and, worse, insulted the memory of my mother. Unable to provide for me yourself, you would hamper me and interfere with my every effort to earn an honest and honorable livelihood. Do you hear? I say *honorable* livelihood. I am proud to be the daughter of an actress. I loathe your narrow pe-ludices, and despise your small mind and soul as much as you disdain my country and my calling—for it is mine henceforth. I will tear this wretched feeling of love from my heart, though with it I tear its heart from my breast. I will so pattern my conduct that the pitiless, prejudiced class you represent shall be forced to respect me. I will work but for ambition, and live only to become great—for a great actress I am resolved to be."

"Is that your unalterable decision?" the young doctor asked, as coldly as he could.

"It is," he replied.

"Then," he said, taking up his hat, "good-bye."

She made no answer, but watched him with flashing eyes until he turned the handle of the door.

She then said, pointing to the floor:

"Your ring."

With a sudden, irresistible impulse he came back, struck his head upon the ring, crushed it, and rushed from the room, without a look at the young girl, who remained motionless, gazing at the door long after it had closed upon him.

She was entirely confused and bewildered by the unexpected turn affairs had taken. Could it be all over between them? So soon, too.

Was it possible she had parted forever from Hugh, who was to have been her husband? At this memory tears forced their way into her eyes, but she drove them back. As she stood there, dazed and lost in thought, a boy entered the parlor. It was Standish's call-boy.

"Your part, miss," he said, "in the new piece; rehearsal to-morrow at eleven."

He handed her the part, and left the room.

She sank into a chair, rustled over the leaves with feverish excitement, laughing a low, bitter laugh, and muttering: "Here is my career in future! No man shall interfere with it. Farewell to love! Farewell, Hugh, forever!"

Dr. Willington, Jessie knew, was aware that the company would not start until two weeks after the date of his last meeting with her, and, in spite of all, she waited with a heavy heart for some word from him before she left.

The days flew by, and, what with study, rehearsals, and buying and making dresses, she found no time for "tears idle tears." She could not hide from herself that she did hope, yes, long for some sign of repenting on his side; on hers there was none.

The day before departure, when she had given up all hope of hearing from him, a note was handed to her. It was from Hugh. He said that, although she had covered herself with disgrace by permitting her name to be blazoned forth as a member of "Standish's Combination Company," he would even now pardon her if she would withdraw from her engagement. It was not yet too late to give him the power to say that his wife had never been an actress. Grant him that, just that privilege, and he would be at her feet again!

"Disgrace!" she exclaimed. "How dare he insult me again?"

Raging anew with increased resentment, she threw his insolent letter into the fire.

The next day the players were on the road.

It fortunately happened that the "first old woman" had known Mrs. Chalfant, and showed the daughter much kindness, telling her what to wear for her debut, how to make her exits and entrances, and giving her many other invaluable hints.

They talk a great deal of the envy, jealousy, and spirit of detraction among actresses; but let a novice go into a company, and every hand is stretched forth in assistance.

Bohemia is a pleasant land, and actors and actresses are the most amusing and agreeable of people. The theatrical is a profession filled with Mark Tapleys. Well has the sweet Lady Answorth called them "the merry players." Co Id Jessie have vanished the three hundred dollars' worth of Hugh Willington, she could have enjoyed the bustling, varying, nomadic life. It is true the traveling was fatiguing, the late hours and exposure to all sorts of weather were trying to a delicate constitution. They won d often arrive in a place only a short time before it was necessary to dress for the performance, and, when it was, the crowded houses, flowers and applause soon drove away her weariness.

Miss Chalfant was looked upon as very promising, and the manager frequently gave her a leading juvenile part. On the other hand, he would sometimes oblige her to go on in the ballet

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED EXPRESSLY FOR THE CLIPPER.

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A MANAGER.*

BY ED. P. BRITT.

Being the possessor of $000,000, more or less, and not knowing what to do with it, I came to the conclusion to embark in the "show business." After inserting an "ad" in THE CLIPPER for "people with specialties to play in Philadelphia during the Centennial period," I calmly and patiently awaited the result. It came in a short space of time. I either forgot to add to my advertisement "inclose stamp for reply," or else the "grand company" neglected to do so. At all events, I purchased $5 worth of stamps. Now they are all gone, and so has my "grand company." Among the first to *Wright* were a *Cooper*, who resides in a *Western* State (I wanted show people), a *Sharp*, and a *Grunter* from one of the *Sothern* States (this latter informed me that *Hermann* was a great favorite in all the towns from Slingtown to Podunk—Philadelphia was where I *intended* to permanently locate); and she also added "dot her man vouldn't drafted for *Vincent* less dan $20 a week." I look upon her as a sort of *Pannin* mill. *Hayden't* she ought to know better? She pro *Vokes* me. I am naturally *Cross*, and I could *Barrett* no longer. At last a *Ray* of *Bliss* shone over me in the form of Billie and Louisa. They wrote me "We have just left Lillian in the *Forrest*, where we had a war of words about the *Blossoms* of Nat; who, by the way, is a good *Archer*. As we were *Sheeran* to a fearful *Brink*, and as neither would be the *Gaynor*, nor could we *Cope* with each other longer, we "Tickled her under the chin," and left. As we were going she sent us a *Warner*, in the form of *Snow*-balls, "not to do so again." What about their engagement? Nothing; but as they are good cards I deemed it best not to *Hall* them over the *Coles* for their short *Cummings*. I also received a letter from Sam, who said his *Price* would serve as a *Quencher* on all other *Mean*-ters and *Lazier* performers on the banjo. After *Reeding* it twice, I decided to *Stansill* no *Longer*; and if *Stanwood* give his consent I *Wood* serve that letter as I would his banjo—*Burnett*. Then a *Leach* began *Whiffin* the air and *Wagner* head for an engagement. She said: "I always have with me a pet poodle, whose hear *Forepaugh* had been stepped upon by a *Queen* while witnessing the performance." Whose performance it was—the dog's or here—I am incapable of stating. I began to get *Riley* again. I politely told her to "go *Lang* with her nonsense and bother me no *Moore*." Then a *Goodfellow* offered his services as a clown, and signed himself *Jee!* Did this farmer take me for a brother *Granger*, that he should so *Bray* to me? At this stage I was a regular *Maddox*. A *Baker* then wrote that he had *Hurd* of me *Farron* ear. This man had a *Crane* that could swallow Pete and *Carnow*. When I advertised for "people with specialties" I did not think of opening a menagerie or a museum. I should have gone to an asylum if one had been *Neary* nuf. The next day's mail brought me a postal card with "I have some *Oates* which I would like you for *Grist*. I has two *Goodyear* for them, and I have a *Singleton* of them."—PASTOR. Things were going from bad to worse. Oats! grist! what did I want with them? I have no *Earnes*. Perhaps he took me for a *Miller*. If I could have been *Ware* that fellow was, I should, in *Realta*—notwithstanding the *Lenton* season about coming—*Hurst* him to coal at him, and thank *Marr* his *Temple* and *Brand* him for life. *Harry Clark* wrote me that he had just come down from the *Hills*, and that he was a quaint Ed. with a *Banker* and a *Gaylord*, who had a tame *Fox*. He also knew of a *Ryder* that could captivate the *Hart* of a *Lotta* girls almost *Everett* time he *Rhode!* I therefore come to the conclusion that I will *not* open a place in Philadelphia, nor in any other city just now. I might open a peanut *Booth*, but I don't see *Howe* there can be money in it. If I could get a *Holt* of some *Fisher's* daughter I'd feel like a *Newman*. I have a *Darling* in the old country, I wish I'd *Pelham* over with me; and, if we should get an engagement in a theatre, I would have to *Wheeler* back and forth every *Day*, because she is lame. *Wood Benson*, if you *Waite* much longer, you *Bidwell* to ruin—*Watson* of a gun will *Peak* into man's affairs when everything is working *Lovely*, or even in a *Gale*? And now that you *Dress* your salary, send it to *Hunt* up *Heller* some other fellow.

* The names of one hundred professionals are included in these "Tribulations."—ED.

MOTHER, I AM GROWING WEARY.

To Allie C. (Rochester, N. Y.)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

Mother, I am growing weary;
Fold me to your heart once more;
Let your loving voice now cheer me
With the sweet accents of yore.
Oh! how pure the sun is falling
On my wan and withered face,
While a voice to me is calling,
Waited from the throne of Grace.

Chorus.—Oh! how pure the sunshine lingers
Through the windows, open thrown,
While in politic will fingers
From our Heavenly Father's throne,
Where the little brook is babbling
'Neath the broad elm's leafy shade,
With an amber sun lying,
Where the merry shadows played
'Round the pastoral work of nature;
There, with Rollin by my side,
He first can the answer give me
Asked me *there* to be his bride.

Chorus.—Oh! how pure, etc.

But the shadow of the future
Called him to a world on high,
Where he dwells with angels, mother—
Where I'll meet him when I die.
See! how dark it's growing—darker!
Father, take me to your fold;
There bright angels wait to greet me,
With the Zion songs of old.

Chorus.—Oh! how pure, etc.

(Author's Rights Reserved.)

Brooklyn, Nov., 1875.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION of "London Assurance" in America.

Mr. George P. Elder of this city sends us an advertisement of the above event, cut from a local paper, a copy of which follows. Henry Placide died in this city Nov. 28, 1869; W. H. Williams—or, as he was popularly called in England, "Billy Williams of the 'Vells'"—returned to London, and died there Oct. 29, 1846; W. H. Latham died in 1844; William Wheatley is now residing in this city in retirement; A. Andrews acted Cool, but his name did not appear in the advertisement. We have no record of his death. Miss Charlotte Cushman is still living, but in ill health; Miss Clarendon was expressly engaged for the character of Grace Harkaway, but failed to give satisfaction, and after a few nights she was withdrawn, and Miss Bullod was substituted—the latter subsequently became Mrs. Abbott—she died in Chester, N. Y., Dec. 15, 1858; Mrs. Vernon died in this city June 4, 1869.

PARK THEATRE.
LONDON ASSURANCE.
[For the first time in America.]

The manager most respectfully announces that the extensive preparation for the production of the new comedy of "London Assurance" being completed, that celebrated play will this evening be presented to the friends of the drama, with the strictest fidelity, appropriateness, and superior execution of scenic illusion, and all that magnificence of stage appointments which excited the approval and admiration of the *beau monde* of the British metropolis.

ON MONDAY, OCT. 11, 1841,

will be performed, first time, the comedy of

LONDON ASSURANCE.

The scenery, entirely new, by Messrs. Hillyard, A. Wheatley, Grain, Delamano and Delamose; the upholstery by M. Dejonge, the stair-case by M. Basham, Broadway; the imperial carpeting imported by Messrs. Chester, the costumes by Mr. Mead, the machinery by Mr. Dunn.

Sir Harcourt Courtly	Mr. Placide
Dazzle	Browne
Mr. Spruce	Lady Gay Sparker, Miller
Mark Meddle	Latham
Max Harkaway	Grace Harkaway, Fisher
Charles Courtly	Miss Clarendon
Cool	Andrews
Pert	Mrs. Vernon

OAK HALL IN GLOUCESTER-SHIRE—a fine old Elizabeth Mansion. THE LAWN BEFORE THE HALL, with Statues, Beds of Flowers, Garden Vases, etc. FANCIFUL RUSTIC VIEW OF THE CITY OF GLOUCESTER, the River Severn and Distant Country. MORNING-ROOM IN OAK HALL, DRAWING-ROOM IN OAK HALL, both magnificently finished in the first style of modern elegance.

To conclude with, 3d time, the farce of

YELLOW KIDS!

Times..... Boxes, $1; Pit, 50c.; Gallery, 25c. Mr. Browne

UNCLE PETE'S OPINION.

BY ARTHUR W. FRENCH.

Dars heaps of tribulation
In dis yar world, my chile;
'Deed, it's little consolation
Dat we gets to make us smile;
You might count, perhaps, de bubbles
Ob de water in de spring,
But per centage on de troubbels
Dat round a nigger cling.

Just see before election
How dey want ter get yer votes,
And you habe a nice inspection
Ob dem twenty-dollar notes;
But when election's ober
Is yer twenty dollars dar?
Does yer ober lib in clober?
No, yer don't—you hear me thar!

Dey talk about inflation,
An' all dat sorn ob trash,
How dey's gwine to flood creation
With dar paper-money cash;
But de question now, my honey,
Is nuffin more or less—
Is yer gwine to have more money?
'Deed, yer aint—dat's my guess.

De highfalutin brokers
In Wall street had no bust,
Do dey wore high hats and chokers,
An' come ot upper-crust;
If white folks hab to tumble
Dat's got a heap of cash,
Deed, yer needn't growl and grumble
If you niggers feel de crash.

I's a nigger gets a dollar
He's got to kick and swim;
He can't loaf around and holler
For de stamps to come to him.
An' dese are my opinions
Finanshally expressed.
Does yer want to buy some inyuns?
Ise got de very best.

THE COLUMBIAN AND TURNERS' CIRCUS

In Pittsfield, Mass., in 1842.

We append a copy of an advertisement of this show cut from a local newspaper. N. B. Turner died in Kentucky in 1849. T. V. Turner died in Danbury, Ct., some years ago. John Gossin the clown died of yellow fever in Natchez, Miss., many years ago. Henry P. Madigan died in Kingston, Jamaica, Dec. 15, 1862. John Smith is now in Australia, occasionally managing shows. James Turner was an apprentice of the managers, and subsequently took his own name of James Myers. He is now managing a circus in Paris, France. Henry Turner is living in retirement. Thomas Turner, another apprentice, was subsequently known as Thomas Wyeth. He died some years ago. H. Needham is dead.

COLUMBIAN CIRCUS—TURNER'S CIRCUS.

The subscribers, in announcing that this magnificent establishment will be exhibited in Pittsfield on Saturday, and Monday, May 14 and 16, 1842, on Callendon Lot, in Fenn street, feel a great deal of pleasure and pride in assuring the public that no traveling establishment in America has ever before number-d such an extensive and talented equestrian and musical company of performers.

N. B. & T. V. TURNER & Co.

Among the company are the following celebrated performers:

Herr Wise,	Henry Turner,	H. Needham,
John Gossin,	John Rogers,	Wm. Harnard,
H. P. Madigan,	M. H. Turner,	Wm. Hale,
John Smith,	Thomas Turner,	John Cain,
T. V. Turner,	John Green,	and others.
James Turner,		

OLD LONDON FAIRS.

With regard to a statement made in our history of "Old London Fairs," which was terminated in a recent issue of THE CLIPPER, Felix McDonald, a lion performer, writes us as follows from Philadelphia, Pa., under date of Nov. 13:

"One of the finest tigers ever imported into England, and the identical beast that escaped from Mr. Jamrach's premises," and serious'y injured (but did not kill a boy, was not purchased by Maiden, but by Edmonds, near Wombwell's, and was not the animal that Newcomb had the encounter with in Liverpool. The negro Macomb was taught his performances by Tim Newcome, brother of James Newcome, circus proprietor. A long engagement with Mrs. Wombwell's Menagerie enables me to put this correctly.

THE SUMMIT OF THE HILL.

WRITTEN IN REPLY TO "DON'T PUSH A MAN DOWN HILL," AND DEDICATED TO GEORGE HORN, BANJOIST,

BY HARRY ARNOLD.

You've heard "Don't push a man because
The hill he's going down;"
But I propose to sing of those
Whom wealth has given renown;
Though all are apt to worship self,
And use both art and skill,
Just to attain that wished-for spot,
The summit of the hill.

Chorus.—So, have no fear or bother, boys—
When you've the needful pile,
The greatest guns will give salute,
And ever on you smile;
No scarcity of friends, my boys;
Of them you'll get your fill,
That's if by chance attained you have
The summit of the hill.

You'll not be long in winning fame
When good luck's at your door;
An office grand's at your command,
To make some thousands more;
The saying is, and long has been,
"Of grease fat hogs they'll fill;"
Those blessed with luck, and have attained
The summit of that hill.

Chorus.—So, have no fear, etc.

If ill, the doctor'll come with speed,
And every ware attend;
Prescriptions rare he will prepare
While you've the stamps to spend;
Or if in trouble you should get,
Your lawyer'll use all skill
And clear you soon, if you've attained
The summit of that hill.

Chorus.—So, have no fear, etc.

"Money is your friend," they say,
But 'twill oft-times prove your foe,
For numbers great have by its weight
Been forced down hill to go.
The more folks get, the more they crave;
But, spite of art and skill,
They soon must fall and leave it all,
Though on the golden hill.

Chorus.—So, have no fear, etc.

THE ORIGINAL PRODUCTION OF "THE CORSICAN BROTHERS" IN AMERICA.

"The Corsican Brothers" was first produced in America at the Bowery Theatre, in this city, April 21, 1852. During the month of May, in that year, G. V. Brooke acted in a different version of the same play at the Astor-place Opera-house, and it was announced as being the original version then acted here for the first times, and Mr. Brooke was announced as the original representative of the twin brothers. This drew forth a characteristic letter from the late Thomas S. Hamblin, which was printed upon the programmes of the Bowery Theatre, a copy of one of which we are able to append through the courtesy of an old manager residing in this city. Manager Hamblin died in this city Jan. 8, 1853. H. E. Stevens died here Feb. 9, 1854. E. Eddy has gone to the West Indies, to fulfill a series of professional engagements. W. R. Goodall died in Philadelphia June 13, 1856. W. H. Hamilton died in San Francisco, Cal., March 23, 1864. S. W. Glenn is now a member of John T. Ford's companies in Baltimore, Md. Mr. W. Jeffreys is traveling with Forbush's Combination. George H. Griffiths is traveling with Maggie Mitchell's Dramatic Company. John Reed is dead. G. Bowes is still living. John Moore is now the stage-manager at the Fifth-avenue Theatre. Harry Seymour is living in this city in retirement. Mrs. Harry Jordan is still before the public. Mrs. Germans is now known as Mrs. Edmonds, and is living in California. Miss Caroline Hiffert is traveling with the Alleghanians in England. Miss Maggie Mitchell is starring with her own company. Mrs. Mason and Mrs. Needham and Miss Gertrude Dawes are living in retirement.

BOWERY THEATRE.

Boxes	25c | Pit
Seats in Orchestra Boxes	50c
Proprietor, Thos. S. Hamblin	Stage-manager..H. E. Stevens

NOTICE.—Time altered. The doors in future will open at 7, and the curtain will rise at half-past 7 precisely. Now in the sixth week of performance, with augmented success.

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

ESPECIAL NOTICE.—Some two months or more ago, this subscriber received from London a printed copy of a drama entitled THE CORSICAN BROTHERS, in which Mr. Charles Kean was announced as the original representative of the Twin Brothers. He immediately placed it in the hands of his stage-manager, sent directions to call together at once the scene painters, machinist, musical director, costumer, etc., and to prepare the drama for representation at the earliest possible date, and to incur any expense for extra aid (if necessary), rather than delay, as he was determined, if possible, to be the first in the field to introduce this great drama in the metropolis of the United States. The elaborate painting necessary for the proper production of it occupied some three weeks. It was then presented to the public. As to how it was done he leaves to the opinions of the press, universally expressed, and to the 70 or 80,000 who have witnessed it during five weeks' success-ive run, when the subscriber is astonished by the announcement that the drama of "The Corsican Brothers" had never been published, but would shortly be produced, for the first time in this city, at the Astor-place Opera-house, with the original representative of the Twin Brothers. The subscriber had been under the impression that Mr. Charles Kean had been the original representative in the English language (for all the London press said so), and that Mr. Eddy had been the original in this city, for all the press and the public know so. The subscriber naturally imagined that he must be under the same delusion and bewilderment that the audiences have been with the identity of the Twin Brothers, and that really he had never produced the drama in question. Under this impression he went to see this original production, how it was placed upon the stage, especially with regard to the three great scenes of the play—the Interior of the Opera-house, the Lobby of the Opera house, and the Forest where the duel is fought, so frequently seen, consequently the great tableaux effect of the drama. It would not become the subscriber to say—that he leaves to the public; but for the originality, that's the grand question, he expects to find some "Learned Theban" writing a few introductory lines, and a few more additional clauses, omitting some of the principal features, and add to and publish the whole as the Original Declaration of Independence, never before published in France, England or the United States. The subscriber apologizes for inflicting this tirade upon his readers, which he certainly would not have done but that his silence might have been deemed an acknowledgement that he had been imposing on that public that have believed in him and so nobly supported him for five-and-twenty years.

The above named great drama will be repeated every night, with

MR. E. EDDY.....as the.....FABIAN AND LOUIS

NOTICE.—Books of "The Corsican Brothers" can be purchased at the box-office, price 12½cts., and in consequence of the great demand for seats, the box-book is now open two days in advance, and the box-office will be opened every morning by 9 o'clock.

MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MAY 24 AND 25,

the performance will commence with a dramatic romance, in three acts, adapted from the French, entitled

THE CORSICAN BROTHERS.

The representation of the first act takes place in the Island of Corsica; the second act in Paris; the third act in the Forest of Fontainebleau. The action of the first and third acts is supposed to occur simultaneously.

M. Fabian del Franchi. } Twin M. Louis del Franchi. } Brothers	Mr. Eddy
M. de Chateau-Renaud	Goodall
Don Barreme, a Gangtoro	Hamilton
The Baron Giordani Martelli	Stevens
M. Alfred Meynard	Glenn
Colonna } Peasants	Ledigwell
Colonna } Peasants	Griffiths
M. Beauchamp	Reed
M. Verner	Browne
Antonio Colonna, Judge of the District	Bowes
Boissec, a woodcutter	Moore
Griffo	Seymour
Tomaso, a guide	Jamison
Morgeon	Daly
Servants	Harrison and King
Madame Savilia del Franchi	Mrs. Jordan
Emilie de Lesparre	Miss Hermann
Maria	Miss Hiffert
Coralie } Ladies of the Ballet	Miss Mitchell
Celestine } Ladies of the Ballet	Miss Mason
Estelle }	Mrs Needham

Ladies, gentlemen, masks, dominoes, debardeurs, grotesques, servants, male and female Corsican peasants, etc.

Miss Gertrude Dawes will appear and dance the Irish Lilt.

To conclude with the grand romance of

KARPA,

founded on the serious pantomime of "Obi, or Three-fingered Jack."

Karfa, alias Three-fingered Jack	Mr. Stevens
Captain Orford	Hamilton
Mr. Drummond	Glenn
Quashee	Moore
Overseer	Reed
Rosa	Miss Mitchell
Sam	Leffingwell
Tucky	Seymour
Obi Woman	Bowes
Kitty	Mrs. Mason
Negroes, slaves, soldiers, etc.	

LITTLE DAISY.

DEDICATED TO MY FRIEND CHARLEY GOODYEAR, SOMG-AND-DANCE ARTIST.

Oh, have you seen my pretty little Daisy,
The little maiden with the bright blue eyes,
That sparkle like the dewdrops in the morning
When the golden sun is mounting to the skies?
You should see her when she's tripping o'er the heather,
With her golden tresses waving in the air;
I know that you would love her in a moment—
For with her no other maiden can compare.

Chorus.—Pretty eyes that sparkle bright,
Like the stars of Summer night—
Oh, you should see my pretty little Daisy,
The little maiden with the golden hair;
I know that you would love her in a moment,
For with her no other maiden can compare.

Her home is in a little snow-white cottage,
'Mid a garden of the choicest Summer flowers,
Where the happy songbirds sing their sweetest carols,
With their music making glad the passing hours.
But the loveliest flower of all is little Daisy—
Her form is queenly, and her step is famous,
And the birds could never, never sing so sweetly,
For her happy heart no sorrow ever knows.

Chorus.—Pretty eyes that sparkle bright, etc.

I meet her when the dewdrops kiss the flowers,
At our trysting place beneath the oaken-tree;
Our sweetest tales of love we then do whisper,
And my little Daisy sweetly smiles on me.
Oh, soon there is to be a happy wedding;
And, my friends, I'll now invite you all to come;
Then you can see my pretty little Daisy,
Who soon will be the flower of my home.

Chorus.—Pretty eyes that sparkle bright, etc.

Liverpool, Eng. CHARLEY RUSSELL.

T. D. RICE'S LAST ENGAGEMENT in Philadelphia, Pa.

T. D. Rice, or, as he was more popularly known, "Daddy" or "Jim Crow" Rice, began an engagement in McDonough's Varieties, on Race street below Third, Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 3, 1859. He died in this city Sept. 19, 1860. John E. McDonough, the manager of the theatre, is now exhibiting a troupe of marionettes in Australia. Paul Berger is now one of the attaches of Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia. Billy Thomas died in that city a few years ago. A. M. Hernandez died in Montevideo, Urnguay, Oct. 25, 1874. H. Calladine died in Philadelphia, Pa., about 1861 or '62. The opening bill of Mr. Rice's engagement, a copy of which is appended, was contributed by John Darragh Jr. of Philadelphia:

McDONOUGH'S GAIETIES,
Race street.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF T. D. RICE, THE GREAT ORIGINAL.

NOTICE.—The management take great pleasure in informing the public that they have made an engagement for a limited period with the celebrated and original negro performer T. D. RICE, who se wide-spread celebrity sited three theatres upon the same night in London, and who has been absent from the Philadelphia stage for seven years. He will have the pleasure of appearing before his old friends of thirty years' remembrance in his original character of Jumbo Jum, as performed by him one hundred and eighty consecutive nights in London.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Jumbo Jum	T. D. Rice, Henry Seymour, J. Williams
Mr. Gobbleton	P. Berger, Hannah Lizzie Leslie
Chesterton	B. Thomas, Adelaide Miss Marie
Mrs. Gobbleton	Miss Whelpley

After which,

Dance	Miss Marie
Guitar Solo	A. M. Hernandez

LOST—POCKET-BOOK

SHEPPARD, THOMAS and WILLIAMS.

Also,

BAND OF SERENADERS.

Also, the laughable burlesque of

THE FRENCH DANCING-MASTER.

Pupil	Miss Whelpley
Lover	Billy Thomas
Teacher	A. M. Hernandez

The great Pantomime of

BIANCO, OR THE MAGIC SWORD,

nightly repeated with enchanting appliances, and witnessed by over 15,000 persons, will be repeated this evening.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Sam, a valet	A. M. Hernandez
Fidget, his master	Calladine
Don Alcouzo	Hamilton
Ghost of Espadosa	Paul Berger
Landlord of the Auberge	Williams
The Unknown	
Jew Peddler	Thomas
Genius of Night	Young America
Bianco	Miss Whelpley
Columbine	Miss Marie
Sorceress	Fanny Morton
Queen of Roses	Miss Kate Leslie

Fairies, sea, by a host of auxiliaries.

The last scene of the piece is one of most magnificent splendor, and will present the most extraordinary feature in scenic transformation ever attempted.

NO ADVANCE IN THE PRICE OF ADMISSION.

BASEBALL.

CLUB RECORDS.

THE MUTUAL CLUB.

This representative professional club of New York, with W. H. Chauncey as its manager, entered upon the campaign of 1875 under circumstances better calculated to insure success than they had done for some seasons, inasmuch as the team was one promising to work together harmoniously. But the season had not advanced more than a couple of months before it was found that the same old element of weakness existed; and, by the time the campaign was half over, the Mutuals were occupying a position in the race for the pennant which threatened to leave them about the last on the list, as it did eventually. The business of managing professional nines admits of no half-way measures. The enterprise must be gone into boldly, or not at all, as no other line of policy will pay. The best and most reliable material as to players should be obtained. It is for this reason that the half co-operative style of running professional nines turns out to be such a failure. The Mutual Club has never yet been a stock-company organization, and until it is those who invest in the business of engaging the club players cannot expect to run the machine successfully. Last season some of the players were paid regular salaries, and others were remunerated differently; and the result was that the team was practically undisciplined. That the nine had the inherent strength to have won twice the number of games they did, there is no doubt; that they failed to do so, is a matter of record. That some mysterious influences were at work in governing the play of certain members of the nine admits of little doubt; and this greatly interfered with the profits of the club's gate-receipts, as the public came to regard the team as unreliable for earnest work.

The team for 1875 at first included Hicks, c.; Matthews, p.; Start, 1st b.; Nelson, 2d b.; Gerhardt, 3d b.; Holdsworth, s. s.; Gedney, l. f.; McGee, c. f.; and Booth, r. f. Afterwards McGee was retired, Halinan was taken on at short-stop, and Holdsworth went to centre field; and, finally, Higham—retired from Chicago—was taken on. As we said before, it was not that skill was wanted so much as united and earnest efforts to win; and so long as this element is wanting, success is out of the question, especially as regards the pecuniary returns at the gate—the chief sustenance of a professional organization. The poor record made by the Mutuals was not the result of the lack of ability to do better, but the want of thorough integrity of play at the hands of every member of the team. Unfortunately for the success of the Mutuals in 1875, there were too few Joe Starts in the nine. And, by the way, there is no question ing the fact that that honest veteran has time and again, by his fine stops of wildly-thrown balls, prevented the intentional errors from being twice as damaging as they would otherwise have been.

Had the Mutuals might have won, and they been so inclined may be judged from the play they exhibited when they went into win, as they sometimes did when least expected. Here are some of their victories and drawn games, which show what the team was capable of.

Mutual vs. Western.....1 0
Mutual vs. Chicago.....1 0
Mutual vs. Hartford.....1 1
Mutual vs. Hartford.....1 0
Mutual vs. Philadelphia.....2 0
Mutual vs. Atlantic.....4 0
Mutual vs. New Haven.....4 0
Mutual vs. Athletic.....5 2
Mutual vs. St. Louis.....5 5

They began play April 30 by defeating the Centennials 4 to 3. Then they won seven games—all marked by single-figure scores except one—and they lost nine. In June they won but four, and lost six. In July they won eight games, and lost seven. In August they won but three games, and lost no less than eight. During September they won six games, and lost four, and in October they actually won but one game out of seven.

Their full record, it will be seen, includes twenty-nine victories and thirty-eight defeats, with four drawn games.

MUTUAL.	Atlantic.	Athletic.	Philadelphia.	Chicago.	Athletic (Chicago).	Hartford.	Live Oak.	Stockton.	Red Stocking.	Western.	Boston.	Washington.	Games.	Won.	Lost.
Won	7	5	4	3	3	2	2	2	1	0	0	0	29		
Lost	0	2	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	1	0	0	38		
Played	7	7	5	5	3	2	2	2	2	1	0	0	71		

DEFEATS.

May 3, Boston vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	11	to 1
May 7, Boston vs. Mutual at Boston	10	2
May 10, Boston vs. Mutual at Boston	4	1
May 19, Athletic vs. Mutual at Philadelphia	11	6
May 21, Hartford vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	1	0
May 28, Boston vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	7	3
June 2, Chicago vs. Mutual at Chicago	8	3
June 7, Chicago vs. Mutual at Chicago	14	0
June 9, St. Louis vs. Mutual at St. Louis	5	2
June 12, St. Louis vs. Mutual at St. Louis	8	2
June 19, St. Louis vs. Mutual at St. Louis	11	2
June 29, Boston vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	10	7
July 13, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (13 inn.)	9	7
July 15, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	5	1
July 19, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7	8
July 22, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	6	4
July 23, Athletic vs. Mutual at Philadelphia	6	5
July 28, Athletic vs. Mutual at Brooklyn	11	2
July 30, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10 inn.)	3	1
Aug. 7, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (11 inn.)	3	2
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	7	3
Aug. 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	7	3
Aug. 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	3	2
Aug. 26, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	8	3
Aug. 27, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford (exhib.)	15	8
Aug. 28, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	14	4
Aug. 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	9	7
Sept. 1, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	13	7
Sept. 8, Boston vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	8	5
Sept. 11, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	12	3
Sept. 28, New Haven vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	8	6
Oct. 2, Athletic vs. Mutual, at Philadelphia	14	0
Oct. 26, Chicago vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	6	0
Oct. 21, Philadelphia vs. Mutual, at B'klyn (8 inn.)	14	0
Oct. 22, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10 inn.)	4	3
Oct. 23, St. Louis vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	2	1
Oct. 29, Mutual vs. St Louis, at Brooklyn	5	5

VICTORIES.

April 30, Mutual vs. Centennial, at Brooklyn	4	to 3
May 14, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	2	1
May 18, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	4	0
May 17, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	8	7
May 24, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	4	3
May 31, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	5	3
July 31, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	15	3
Aug. 3, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn	1	0
Aug. 9, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven	9	2
Aug. 12, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford (8 inn.)	1	0
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4	0
Sept. 4, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	13	4
Sept. 9, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	5	4
Sept. 6, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	8	2
Sept. 15, Mutual vs. Philadelphia, at Brooklyn	10	4
Sept. 16, Mutual vs. Athletic, at Brooklyn	7	2
Sept. 25, Mutual vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	10	7
Sept. 27, Mutual vs. New Haven, at Brooklyn	4	2
Oct. 1, Mutual vs. Philadelphia	5	4
Oct. 29, Mutual vs. St. Louis, at Brooklyn	5	5

THE EXPERT CLUB.

The Expert Club of Harrisburg, Pa., claim the title of State champions, but whether the claim can be held good or not is yet to be accepted. Their record for 1875 is one the club has a right to be proud of. The team for 1875 consisted of Marshall Quinton, catcher; William Carrigan, pitcher; Lewis Bay, short stop; Wesley C. Slogg, first base; Henry C. Myers, second base; Richard C. Dickinson, third base; Jacob Evans, left field; John Harbridge, centre field; Joseph Blackburn, right field, with William Jackson acting as substitute. Among their most noteworthy triumphs were the following:

VICTORIES.

July 30, Expert vs Atlantic, Philadelphia, Pa	5	to 1
Aug. 14, Expert vs. Philadelphia (professional)	5	4
Sept. 3, Expert vs. Doerr of Philadelphia	7	1
Aug. 21, Shenandoah vs. Expert, Nail's Mountain (10 in'gs)	7	6
Sept. 14, Expert vs. Pottsville of Pottsville	9	2

DEFEATS.

Aug. 18, Pottsville vs. Expert	8	1
Aug. 31, Hartford vs. Expert	9	1
Sept. 20, Hartford vs. Expert	9	1

Their other victories and defeats marked by double figure scores, showing [illegible] were as follows:

VICTORIES.

June 24, Young America of Harrisburg	22	7
June 26, High Boys of Harrisburg	10	3
June 29, Cambria of Harrisburg	20	4
July 2, Village of West Fairview, Pa	46	2
July 3, Young America of Harrisburg	32	8
July 5, Eureka of Lebanon, Pa	13	8
July 14, Media of Media, Pa	19	8
July 16, High Boys of Harrisburg	23	10
July 17, High Boys of Harrisburg	18	7
July 31, Atlantic of Chambersburg, Pa	25	19
Aug. 5, Active of Reading, Pa	25	19
Aug. 7, Neshannock of Newcastle, Pa	16	4
Aug. 10, Atlantic of Chambersburg, Pa	15	4
Aug. 17, Swann of Baltimore, Md	13	4
Aug. 23, Swann of Baltimore, Md	12	8
Aug. 26, Trenton of Trenton, N. J	18	8
Aug. 27, Young America of Harrisburg	10	8
Aug. 28, Atalanta of Carlisle, Pa	31	7
Sept. 2, Oregar of Camden	14	2
Sept. 3, Pottsville	18	4
Sept. 11, Peabody of Baltimore, Md	16	7
Sept. 15, Quickstep of Wilmington, Del	10	5
Sept. 17, Picked nine	17	4
Sept. 18, Active of Reading	14	5
Sept. 23, Swann of Baltimore, Md	24	8
Sept. 24, Peabody of Baltimore, Md	9	5
Sept. 27, Young America of Harrisburg	20	9
Sept. 29, Active of Reading, Pa	11	10
Oct. 2, Active of Reading, Pa	11	1
Oct. 4, Archer of Philadelphia	24	1
Oct. 6, Lock Haven of Lock Haven	16	9
Oct. 7, Resolute of Renovo, Pa	13	6
Oct. 8, Williamsport, Pa	13	6
Oct. 9, Comet of Sunbury, Pa	19	5
Oct. 14, Active of Reading, Pa	13	11
Oct. 19, High Boys of Harrisburg	33	7

* Mann, the celebrated curve-line pitcher, and Bruyire, famous third-baseman of the Princeton University nine, played with the Trentons in this game.

DEFEATS.

June 15, Washington, professional	6	11
July 10, Active of Reading, Pa	14	4
Aug. 13, Young America of Harrisburg	11	12
Sept. 1, High Boys of Harrisburg	17	18
Sept. 6, Active of Reading, Pa	3	14
Sept. 7, Peabody of Baltimore	6	11
Oct. 12, Philadelphia professional	6	10

Number of games.....82
Number of games won by Experts.....42
Number of games won by opponents.....40
Total runs made by Experts.....814
Total runs made by opponents.....566
Average runs per game by Experts.....15 65
Average runs per game by opponents.....6 61
Highest score made by Experts.....65
Highest score made by opponents.....19
Lowest score made by Experts.....1
Lowest score made by opponents.....0

Of the above defeats, 4 were with professional nines and 6 with amateurs.

W. H. Schaffer, the scorer of the club, who was with the nine from the commencement to the close of the season, furnishes the following averages of each member of the nine:

	Games.	1 B'H.	Av.	P. O.	Av.	Assists.	Av.
Blackburn, r. f. & 2d b.	42

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A SEALED MYSTERY, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, unless they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P. M., MONDAY, Nov. 22.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnold, Ella
Allen, Blanche
Antonino, Teresa
Atherton, Nellie
Bowler, Annie
Kemp
Briggs, Ada (2)
Bell, Kelly
Boyd, Nellie(comedienne) (2)
Bradley, Leanora
Brevoort, Kate
Claire Sisters
Cushman, Charlotte (2)
Chapman, Mrs. Julia
Carpenter, Ida
Clancey, Ellen
Collins, Kate (with Wildman)
Clifton, Minnie F. C.
Craven, Winnetta
Orotius, Mina (soubrette)
Clifton, Minnie (variety "biz")
De Witt, Emily
De Yon, Adelia (2)
De Vitzie
Dulany, Mrs. Eva
Dumont, Nellie
De Forrest, Alice
De Forest, Zoe
Dundeen, Fannie
Dunsmore, Dollie (2) 3c.
Ellis, Lillie
Ellsworth, Annie
Esmond, Ella
Ferguson, Mrs.
Fells (2)
Fisher, Jennie
Aitken, Chas. M.
Abbott, Mrs. W.
Arts, O. W.
Almonte, Geo.
Arlington (of Robins. Minst.)
Barry, Geo.
Byne, Ernest & Gerard
Bennett & Ware
Benedict, L.
Bruce, J. L.
Barr, Geo. (musical)
Baker, E. H.
Benton, Geo.
Bartlett, Chas. W.
Brindisi, Jas.
Bray, Wm. (3)
Bellman, Prof. (magician)
Butler, Chas. W. (3) 8c.
Brown & Sanford
Brennan, R. A.
Barr, G.(of Kelly & Barr)
Barrett, Lawrence
Bennett, Wallace
Burnham, H. C.
Barnum, H. (circus "biz") 10c.
Bloss, Col. J. H.
Brown & Miller
Brunner, Emil
Brondegood, Harry
Bowron, W. L.
Bristol, Wm. C.
Bryan, O. Boud
Bolger, Max
Batchelor, (of O'Brien's Circ.)
Benjamin, Frank (variety "biz")
De Witt, Emily
De Yon, Adelia (2)
De Vitzie
Dulany, Mrs. Eva
Dumont, Nellie
De Forest, Zoe
Dundeen, Fannie
Dunsmore, Dollie (2) 3c.
Ellis, Lillie
Ellsworth, Annie
Esmond, Ella
Ferguson, Mrs.
Fells (2)
Fisher, Jennie
Forepaugh, A. J.
Fox, Chas. (Dutch "biz")
Fitzgerald, Danl.
Fortesque, G. K.
Farrar, J. C.
Frazer, Steven
French, S. (with Beverly & Lane)
Fenton, Frank
Griffa, J. (2)
Gilbert, J. M.
Gower, Chas.
Gaylord, Chas.
Gardner, Carrie (3)
Guy, Mamie(of Guy Family)
Hall, Minnie
Howard, Jennie
Howitt, Belle
Harcourt, Rose
Hall, Alice W.
Hunt, Fannie
Herbert, Carrie
Henri, Flora
Hilton, Jessie
Jordan, Lizzie
Jamison, Annie
Kunkel, Addie
Lavarnie, Carrie (2)
La Count, Millie
Loder, Minnie
Lyman, Augusta
Morris, Clara
Mayo, Ella
Mack, Annie (statue "biz")
Misco, Mrs. Jennie
Maze, Gussie Oray.
Macdonald, Flora
Nook, Rachel
Nash, Mrs. 6. A.
Osborne, Rose
Price, Fannie B.
Phillips, Adelaide
Phillips, Emma
Palmer, Laura
Rainford, Alice
Rainford, Minnie
Rogers, Mrs. Beirvil
Rankin, Mrs. McKee
Richards, Belle
Richmond, Josie
Richmond, Josie & Richards, Lu-lu
Sountainlair, Millie
Sauret, Mme
Carreno (?)
Snow, Lizzie
St. Felix, M'me
Swinburne, Marie
Siddons, Mrs. Scott-
Sutherland, Agnes
Somers, Alice
Siddons, Ida
Stivano, Mrs. E. M.
Stevenson, Mrs. L. H.
Stone, Emma
Thorne, Mrs. Bertha A.
Vincent, Florence
Williams, Belle
Wilson, Julia
Wade, Jennie
Walby, Josephine
Waldron, Kate
Wade, Jennie
Washburn, Libbie A. (2)
Weston, Miss(p.o.m London, Eng.)
White, Mrs.
Weston, Flora
Winship, Laura Sc. Zoerner, Anna

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Garland, G. (Dutch)
Gus. Ned
Gulick, J. (of Dup. & Ben. Minst.)
Gimford, A. (with Harrigan & Hart)
Greenwood, Fred L. G.
Gienn, R. (with Courtney J. H.
Gomez, Jos. Ber nard
Hart, H.
Hill, J. P.
Hughes, P.
Hamilton, J (Dutch "biz")
Holmes, E. S.
Hogan, Jno.
Holland, W.
Harts' Colored Minst., A. est of Hogan, J. C.
Herndon, T. J.
Hernandes, Arthur
Healy, Dr. J. E.
Hall, Mills
Hammond, Jno. H.
Harrigan & Hart Combination
Haverly, Jno.
Hogan, Mr.
Henry, Wm.
Hewitt, Frank (3)
Hofer, C.
Howell, V. N.
Hall, C. H.
Hemming, E. (of Perepaugh's Circ.)
Howe, Mr. (of Howe's Circ.)
Heywood, J. (of K. Logan Co.)
Hoey, F. C.
Hopp, Jno.
Hogan, Con
Holden, Frank
Hart, Chas. & Hart
Hall, R. H.(of Harr. & Hart Co.) 9c.
Hennessy, Horace
MacEvoy's Hib.)
Hopkins, W. H.
Howard, Frank
Howard, Rollin (2)
Henry, Hi
Holmes, H. W.
Hawkins, O. L.
Hyde, Geo. W.
Hodges, D. S.
Hall, Felix
Hunkins, O. L.
Hamilton, Wiley
Harrigan & Hart
Hill, Robt. Sale
Hippe, J. (of Sells' Bro's Circ.)
Harris, Jas. F. (of Harris'n & Clifford)
Howard, J. B. (comedian)
Harper & Stansil
Hearne, Jas. A. 3c.
Hemmings, R. (circus "biz")
Jordan, M. F.
Jackson, Joe. (manager)
Jones, Frank
James, Lewis
Jones, T. C.
Knowlton, Dell
Kilsby, Frank
Kurtz, Chas.
Keane, Jos. H.
Kelly, Jas.
King, C. H. (Dutch "biz")
Kent, Frank (2) 3c.
Kunkel, Jno.
Kirk, Robt. F.
Kidder, C. W.
"Leader" (471)
Lincoln, Lyman
Laizer, W. D.
Loder, C. A.
Lake, Geo. (with Barnum)
Loveland, Jno.
Lee, J. H. (of Lee & Adams) (3)
Lewis, C. P.
Lee, H. E.
Lavalee, W. K. (2)
Levanion, Geo.
Langdon, W. H. (3)
Lent, Geo. A.
"Leader"
Leslie, Harry ("H. H. Harry")
Lingard, Wm. H.
Lynch, J. C.
Levy, Mr.
Durrents, Chas.
Leland, Mat.
Lee, Lavater T.
Lloyd, W. H.
Lenton, H.
Little, Chas. (3)
Martinetti, Gen.
Melville, J (of Melville & Maginley)
McDonald, (stage-manager)
Manning, J. (of Hyde & Behman's Co.)
McDermott, J. J.
Murray, Domonick
Mitchell, E. J. (3)
Murray, Jno.
Monta, Ed.
McCarthy, Thos. F. (3c 3c.
Mackey, Dave
Montford, Frank
Mittnacht, Daniel
Moulton, Harry
McHale, Harry
McDonald, Pyam
Mmbulla, E. Indies)
Mucheil, E. (2)
McBride, J.
Morse, D. Harry
McClue, C. (with G ay Family)
Monroe, Frank
Mack, Harry (comed.)
Maquerel, Thos. (minst. "biz")
Mitchell & Sheldon (2)
McVicker, Jno.
Myers, Jos.
Manning, Chas. J.
Meryon, Theophil's
Martin, Harry (manager)
Mack, Jos. H. (variety "biz")
McWade, Robt. (2)
Mack, Wm. (of Nichols, Chas. p.o. m., London, Eng.)
Neary, Martin
Nicholls, R. Hamilton (2)
New Orleans Minst.
Manag. of
Norris, Chas.
Nobles, Milton
Newcombe, W. Wallace
Nash, J. J.
North, D. J.
Ott, Fritz
O'Brien, J. (of Bonschild's Circ.)
Programmer"
Parker, Ned
Phillips, S. H.
Phillips, Granville
Price, Frank M.
Pearce, Harry
Pollard, W.
Phillips, Geo. S.
P. D." (2)
Pullman, Geo.
Phelps, Geo. E.
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Pastor, Tony
Poole Bro's
Quick, Fred H.
Romer, J. S.
Russell, Mark C.
Recker, Robt.
Randolph, Joe
Rohwer, Phil.
Rentfrow, J. N.
Read, Capt.
Howe's Cir.)
Robinson, H. (of Robins. Minst.)
Rafen, D. R.
Beaumont
Russell, Sol. S.
Richardson, U. N.
Reed, Chas. C.
Robinson, A. (circus manager)
Ritter, Jno.
Rogers, Stephen
Rose, Wm. (p.o.m. Lyme, Eng.
St, Felix Ballet Troupe, The
Sewall, Wm. A.
Sedley, Frank
Showles, J. J.
Say, Louis
Seiffell, Louis
Shelby, Harry
Scott, Robt.
Sarille, Stephen (2)
Sands, Jno. W.
Scone, Harry
Sherman, (agent)
Stansell, F. R.
Smith, P. C.
Sarsfield, Stephen
Smith, W. H. (with Hey wood)
Schofield, Fred S. (2)
Smith, E. F. (with Callender)
Sweet, J. D.
Sillman, Dell
Schenck, Peter
Street, R. C.
Stanwood, Frank
Skelding, Geo.
Shay, Charlie (2)
Shull, W. C.
Stickney, Robt.
Swinburne, Jno. B.
Sailor, (with Robins. Minst.)
Stutts, J. G.
Sauer, Adam
Sauret, E. (2) 11c.
Thornton, Capt. A. G.
Thompson, Geo. C.
Toomey, W. F.
Thomas, (of Thomas & Heeney)
Thompson, Wm. W.
Taylor, Joe
Tucker, Stephen
Tennessee, Col. Vocalists
Thompson, Alex. T. C.
Turner, Willie & Eddie
Ufford, Frank "Vigo" (3)
Von Sulow, Dr.
Adam (2)
Victorelli, W.
Vincent, Felix
Vivian, Jno. (3)
West, Wm.
Wildman, F. J.
Ward, H. C.
Williams, Peter J.
Washburn, E. S. (3)
Wood, Geo.
Wesley, Jas.
White, Chas.
Winnett, Thos.
Wilson, Alban S.
Weston, Frank
Weeks, Harry P.(2)
Wood, Jno.
Wallace, Harry
Wilson, Luke (gymnast)
Wilson, R. (of John son & Wilson)
Warner, Chas. (with Spaulding)
Woodland, N.
Watson, W.
Wilson, Jno. M.
Wayne & Lovely
Ware, Geo. 6c.
Young, Chas. (ventriloquist)

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Nov. 22, '75.

While Turkey is causing considerable trouble among the high contracting powers of Europe, consequent upon the continued debilitated condition of "the sick man," we are happy in being able to announce a diverse state of affairs in this country, where turkey and its surroundings are discussed with the most pleasurable emotions around the festive board, and where every family rejoices in its adherence to the luscious bird through whose genial influence we are enabled to enjoy our annual Thanksgiving season, and to fondly encourage those social amenities which tend to make us an uncommon happy family. Thursday, Nov. 25, has been proclaimed by the President of the United States as a day of general rejoicing and thanksgiving for the many blessings showered upon us during the peace and prosperity that have attended us during the past year. Thanksgiving is now one of our national holidays, when old and young, rich and poor, alike give vent to their feelings in exuberant merriment, conviviality, and innocent recreation and enjoyment. On that day banks will be closed, the stock board will be at a discount, the post-office opened on the half-shell only, and business generally suspended. The gentlemen who cater for our amusement never fail to give due observance to the President's proclamation, and to provide a glorious feast for their patrons; and so, on Thursday, each and every manager in the city will offer a bill of fare full of the good things of this life, and entertain the public to the extent of their abilities. All hearty everywhere and hail in New York performances will be given both afternoon and evening. Thanksgiving night is ever welcomed by the theatrical manager, for then his eyes are gladdened with the sight of standing-room only and very little of that; his glance takes in at one full swoop the house crowded from pit to dome, and thousands turned away unable to gain admittance?" If any man has occasion to give thanks when the ceremonies and feasts of the day are over, that man is the manager of a theatre. Turkey on toast is all very well as a feast for the hungry, but the mental pabulum provided for us, as a desert, by our managers, is the dish that sends us to our beds happy and contented, that creates a desire for other thanksgiving holidays, and for other occasions of peace and plentcousness. You don't know, unless you have tried it, how much happier you will feel if you try to make others happy; if you will give a little from out your store to those whose steps are not on velvet, whose fare is but the modest crust, and to whose enjoyment you can contribute at such a trifling cost. CLIPPER readers do not require this gentle admonition, but they may know of others who do—to them whisper the little word of charity, adjure them to remember the poor, and their and your happiness will be, oh, so much the greater. And now let the revels proceed.....About these times look out for bridges, for this isn't a good season for them, be they of the realistic sort or of the mimic. Why? Well, one evening last week Mr. Pelitier, while attempting to cross a high bridge on the stage of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, went through his part in a sad state of disorder, the bridge giving way beneath his heavy weight, and letting him down all standing. During the same week, in Indianapolis, while Miss Susan Denin and Mr. Taylor were crossing a low bridge, the structure toppled to pieces, and actor and actress fell all of a heap, happily without serious injury, so much for the mimic. On Saturday afternoon last the old wooden bridge which crossed the Schuylkill river at Market street took fire from an explosion of gas, and in a short time the grand old medium of communication between the city proper and West Philadelphia was a heap of ruins. Be beware of the bridge. In the theatre it would be well to let the carpenters try the bridge that carries them over before the poor player runs the hazard of a die!..... Ah, ha! "Rose Michel" is here at last. After months of preparation, and litigation, and deep meditation, the sensational play is announced to be given for the first time in this city on Tuesday evening, Nov. 23, at the Union-square Theatre, where the dear people have for such a length of time been so willingly and so pleasantly "Led Astray." We append a few lines of poetry commemorative of

THE OPENING OF THE "ROSE" SEASON.

"Was is a horse like Rose Michel?"
Says James. "We do not know, my son,"
"I'll tell ye, then," quoth the elder youth,
"When his mounted for a 'run.'"

.....O say not woman's love is bought by vain and empty treasure; O say not woman's charity is dealt with a modicum measure. See here—Olive Logan lectures in Louisville, Ky., on Friday, Nov. 26, for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church, and plays at the theatre in the same city all the following week. And what will dear Talmadge say now, poor thing; oh, what will the Talmadge say now?..... The conductor of the orchestra at Booth's Theatre is not an old man, although he is *the senior Operti*. (Purest Tuscan spoken here.—ED.).....And talking of Booth's Theatre reminds us that George may, ere long, retire from the scenes of his many triumphs. The clever Fox is well off now, and can afford at him in "full envy," nigh run down. The papers went at him in "full envy," and, though he tried to escape them, and kept up the run of "Humpty Dumpty" while the full pack were in close pursuit, yet he has at last been compelled to cry "a go!" and will, it is thought, soon take a rest. We shall miss the comic mug of G. L. Fox, "whose face is his fortune, sir, she said;" and we shall miss the capers and the antics of one whose mirth provoking powers have so often "set the house upon a roar." Alas, poor George! And yet we sincerely trust that, should he retire, his absence may be but brief, and that he may again return rejuvenated, and with health restored..... "Our Jim" says that the Booth's Theatre management wanted another funny "mug," so Josh Hart *let 'em Mafflt!* (The pure and undefiled English reader need not be told to read this as thus: *let 'em have it.* See ED.).....Now, then, look alive! Here's a chance for a walking gentleman." An advertisement in another part of this issue of THE CLIPPER announces that the manager of the Opera-house Varieties, Hamilton, Ont., wants a man to walk twelve hundred miles in twelve hundred hours! We shall not be surprised to learn that the theatre has been run down by walkers!.....Among the newest songs just out may be mentioned the following: "Mark the Deaf," by the author of "Pull Down the Blind;" "There's a Train at 4 o'clock;" answer to "How Can I Leave Thee?" and "Always a Loss," by the author of "Never Again!" All rights secured.....It's dangerous to be an infantile prodigy just now, for Mr. Bergh and his cruel confreres are going for the little ones with as much vim as though it was an old horse they were in quest of. Unhappy parents and guardians of these little performers fight shy of Bergh, and go about as though they had lost an only son; while those who never had a little boy, but who always do their own acting and climbing and perching, look with compassion on those who have, and exclaim: "We told you so!" We know a show actor whose little kid was "the life and the soul of the party." He could fly through the air like a bird, and walk around the ground and over trapeze just like he was a real monkey. He was a wonder! "Well, what of it?" Why, the author of this wonder got so frightened when "the society" appeared on the scene that he hiked that boy off the trapeze like he was a viper, and sent him on board a ship to be a three years' sea-bound sailor rather than let him fall into the net set for him by this human Bergh! And now that man does nothing but swear, and go around asking people to drink! And we can easily see where *he'll* fetch up. And *then* what'll the cruelly people say? And who will take *them* in hand? ..... We all remember the time when the news of the death of Edwin Forrest reached this city, exc'a'med: "Another one of us gone!" Not an issue of THE CLIPPER appears that does not announce that "another one of us is gone!" Slowly but surely Death is eating out the heart-core of the histrionic profession. To-day it may be a veteran in the service who joins the innumerable caravan; to-morrow it may be he who has just begun to ascend the ladder of fame, who makes his exit from the stage of life, "and is seen and heard no more." The Death has red a busy life among play-er-folk during the past two years, cutting down age and youth, and dropping the curtain upon the last scene of all ere yet we thought the game of life so near its end. Poor Nat Goeing is among the latest to "shuffle off this mortal coil," and mount "the flying Scud" that, from terrestrial to celestial, speeds on the course of Time to Eternity.

GEORGE BELMORE.

The clattering hoofs of the steed are still,
For the prize of the race the old man is run;
Right royally strove he not to fall,
But the Pale Horse of Death has won!
And the honest heart, with its wealth of worth,
Is pulseless now to the cares of earth!

.....It's a hard life and a bitter strife that the poor player endures and wages when he or she enters upon the mimic scene. One hard-working actress is battling to gain the laurel wreath of fame, and we are glad to see that the fair Lillie, through the dark clouds, begins to see a "Little Sunshine;" while another, no less persistent in her efforts to win, is already rewarded with a "Little Silver." (These are bits of tenderness and sentiment, and are intended to take off the rough edges of an unwilling satire which is more light than the satirized cared to be lifted up. Can you make it out? No? Well, we haven't time to explain the explanation, as you should easily understand.—ED.)..... At this unfortunate period, when ungymnastic performers are breaking down bridges and dropping through trellises in the most fashionable quick-let us suggest to *real* gymnasts that *they*, like a ship, require a *good "hold!"*.....At the Olympic, where they have the pony circus, the little fellows who do the riding act find that they, like the house, have *standing room only!* And for fear the public may not put an incorrect construction upon the manager's announcement of "Four Flying Ponies," we hasten to inform our readers that the ponies do *not* fly!.....Still later intelligence from abroad assures us that Offenbach, Mapleson, Thalberg, and other celebrities intend to show up in this country during the Centennial season. Then comes the marriage: "Come from every nation, come from every clime," and help us all to celebrate one hundred years of time; bring along your plays and things, have no alarm, "for Uncle Sam is rich enough to give you all a farm," or words to that effect, by one of the old-time musical combinations and other improvements by "Our Jim," who, likewise, suggests how strange it is that all of the great artists, notwithstanding they come over here *with* engagements, want *"sich ovations!"* [No? Not yet? *Want situations!* Yes?—ED.).....Mr. Strakosch tells Oliver Ditson "engasser" his company don't believe in the *"comp o' Titiens"* the "life of trade" for him. This joke is for professionals only.....It was a wrong thing, just at this Thanksgiving season particularly, for Tony Pastor to announce on his bills, "Gus Williams at Home Every Evening;" the fact of the boys, reading it literally, supposed that Gus had been given holiday for the week, and could be found at his own residence. This will account for the numerous calls made at Gus' house this week.....It is kindly suggested from "up there" that any more would be just that much over. Hence these tears, etc.

CITY SUMMARY.

EDWIN BOOTH closed his engagement at the Fifth-avenue Theatre with the performances of Nov. 20. It has been highly successful, the attendance having been, however, the largest on the nights when "Hamlet" was performed. During the week he acted Ham'et on Monday, Thursday evenings and Saturday matinee; King Lear, Tuesday and Wednesday; Richelieu, Friday; Iago, Saturday night, when a satin souvenir programme was presented to every lady in attendance; and the Stranger and Petruchio at a matinee on Wednesday afternoon. Miss Fanny Davenport acted the opposite leading roles. Mr. Booth has not acted Lear upon the metropolitan stage for some years. His impersonation bears the marks of close study and thought, and, while lacking in massive grandeur, from physical reasons, it was a most successful one in this city. This evening, Nov. 22, Miss Clara Morris will make her first appearance in three years at this theatre acting in a new version of "Leah the Forsaken."

JOSEPH JEFFERSON TO BE IMMORTALIZED IN GRANITE IN CENTRAL PARK.—The Ladies' Washington Irving Memorial Association held a meeting in this city on Nov. 17, when it was stated that the Executive Committee had countermanded the order for the bust of Washington Irving, of which Wilson McDonald the sculptor had made a clay model, and wished to recommend the purchase of a monument. The bust would have cost $15,000, and the monument $20,000. Gov. Tilden, Charles O'Conor, Thurlow Weed, Joseph Jefferson, and other gentlemen had subscribed $500 each. A sketch of the proposed monument was exhibited. In it Irving occupies a re-cessed grotto, plain, ornamented on one side with a carved life-size fac simile of Joseph Jefferson in the character of Rip Van Winkle, and on the other a bas relief of Diedrich Knickerbocker. Irving's statue will be eleven feet two inches in height. It was decided that Mr. McDonald should begin to carve the statue, which is to be set up, when completed, near the Mall in Central Park.

MORE FREDERICKS, whose excellence as a globe performer we have frequently commended, and Little Pauline, a child of tender years, who evinces no little ability in riding and leaping her brick pony Louise Victoria, while coursing the patent ring placed upon the stage, were the only fresh appearances during the past week at the Globe Theatre, where the attendance has been but moderately good. Mons. Fredericks and Little Pauline suddenly closed their engagements after Wednesday night; and on Thursday, Helene Smith, song-and-dance, put in an appearance.

AT THE SAN FRANCISCO MINSTRELS the average attendance has been good. The changes in the programme included "The Day When You'll Forget Me," sung by J. A. Barney; "Solid Dishes to the Front," by Billy Birch; and "We Sat by the River," by Carl Rudolph, in the first-part, and "Oh, You Chop," a song-and-dance by Johnson and Powers; "The Four Tramps," by Birch. Backus, Byman and Johnson; with the revived sketches of "Laughing Gas" and "Clotilde, or the Bruised Heart."

"LED ASTRAY," after its two hundred and fifteenth representation (not consecutive, however), this evening, Nov. 22, is to be withdrawn from the stage of the Union-square Theatre, to give place on Tuesday evening to J. Steele Mackaye's English version of Ernest Blum's French drama, entitled "Rose Michel," then to be acted for the first time in America.

"CHICHELE" is the name of a new play which is to be produced at the Park Theatre after the run of "The Mighty Dollar." It is said to be the work of A. Oakey Hall and other writers. The scene is laid in London, Eng.

THE YORKE FAMILY sailed for England in the steamship Russia on Nov. 17.

ADELAIDE STUART, Lew and Pauline Parker, Major Burke, Sheppard and Whitney and Kate Forrest are announced at the Globe Theatre for this week.

SAM DEVINE, minstrel performer, whose real name was William Henlon, died of consumption in this city Nov. 20. His funeral took place from 207 Bowery at half-past two o'clock Monday, Nov. 22.

LANE & WEAVER, dramatic and variety agents, can be found at their offices advertised in this issue.

"JULIUS CESAR" is to be produced at Booth's Theatre Dec. 27, one week earlier than originally intended.

JAMES W. SHARPLEY, late of the Sharpley Brothers, concertina performers, sailed for Europe in the steamship Russia on Nov. 17, to join Keller, Cunard and Donaldson, illusionists, with whom he has a three years' engagement.

MARIE GORDON (Mrs. J. T. Raymond) is lying dangerously ill in this city.

SATSUMA, Little All Right, Baby Bindley, Prof. Bindley, the Brahams, Molly Wilson and Barney McNulty were the newcomers at Tony Pastor's on Nov. 15. The Japanese acrobats Satsuma and All Right gave evidence that they had lost none of their activity still, and liberal applause greeted their efforts. Baby Bindley displayed a marked improvement in her performances since she was last seen in this city, and several novelties have been added to her repertory. Attired like a lady of the period, in full evening dress, she sang a medley song; then, after a rapid change of costume, she reappeared as an Irishman and sang "Muldoon the Solid Man" in imitation of E. Harrigan. Her performance was such a faithful reproduction of the peculiarities, in both walk and gesture, of Mr. Harrigan while singing that song, that it was received with uproarious applause. She then took from a table at the rear, from which she poured a glass of wine, which she handed to one of the musicians, who drank it; and, after pouring out another glass, which she drained herself, she opened the case in the centre, displaying its entire interior, apparently empty. Then, applying the neck of the bottle to her mouth, she produced sweet music, like that of a flute harmonicon, and played one or two difficult airs. After another rapid change of costume, she performed quite skillfully a variety of airs upon musical glasses, being accompanied by Prof. Bindley on the concertina. The Brahams as Philip and Hannah Watson—more than confirmed the good opinion we formed of them upon the occasion of their first appearance in this city, some little time ago. Among the new specialties they introduced were "The Dancing Quakers"—which made a pronounced hit, their consuming and dancing being excellent—and Harry Braham's imitation of a monkey, his facial acting being particularly fine. Mollie Wilson, who reappeared after a short absence, was warmly welcomed, and added to her popularity by singing several fresh songs. She wore a fresh costume of white satin and lace, which, being short and well-fitting, displayed her petite figure to advantage. Barney McNulty acted the character of an eccentric Irishman in a sketch called "Ambition." He displayed much more histrionic ability than is usually seen in similar performances. His make-up was grotesque, and his personal identity was thoroughly merged in the character assumed. The audience was kept in an almost constant state of laughter by his eccentricities. Tony Pastor's songs met with their accustomed favor. A new sketch, called "The Midnight Serenaders," proved quite comical, and Harry Macarthy sang a sentimental song composed by himself, entitled "The Stars and Stripes of a Century Ago," which met with favor. A slight falling-off in the attendance was noticeable.

GEORGE BELMORE'S FUNERAL, which took place from the Church of the Transfiguration ("The Little Church Around the Corner"), at eleven o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, Nov. 17, was largely attended, nearly the entire theatrical profession in this city being present. The remains were inclosed in a rich casket, having a massive silver plate, with the following inscription engraved thereon: "George Daniel Belmore, born November 15, 1825, aged fifty years." As the coffin, borne by Messrs. Lester Wallack, H. D. Palmer, George Honey, W. J. Florence, John Brougham, H. Beckett, E. Arnott and B. F. Russell, reached the entrance of the church, it was met by the Rev. Dr. Houghton, who preceded it down the aisle, reciting the service for the dead. The floral decorations, which were profuse and magnificent, almost concealed the casket from view. Over the head rested a beautiful wreath bearing the inscription: "Not Friendless," and on the centre reposed a tablet bearing the words: "Alice and our children," the latter the gift of H. J. Montague. After the brief but affecting services, a long funeral train escorted all that remained of the popular character-actor to Greenwood Cemetery, where they were interred in the plot

the performance at the Globe of "The Gilded Age," having received a dispatch announcing the dangerous illness there. He accordingly left his wife's bedside, appeared as Col. Sellers during the first two acts of the piece, and his place was then assumed by H. S. Murdoch for the remainder of the evening. Mr. Murdoch, who always an excellent and thoroughly reliable actor, acquitted himself with great credit, entering into the spirit of the part with great gusto, and acting to the evident satisfaction of all.

THE NEW ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, under the management of E. A. McDowell, opened on Nov. 15. Every available seat was soon filled. The drama of "Rosedale," was put on the stage in a very creditable manner, and the whole performance gave universal satisfaction. The company consists of the Misses Fanny Reeves, Florence Vincent, Allie Weaver, Victoria Cameron, Fanny Stoddart, Teresa Newcomb, Lily Burgess, Silena Baugh, and Messrs. Chas. Loveday, Felix J. Morris, Harry Gwinette, J. Alfred Smith, John Swinbourne, F. O. Smith, Chas. Arnold, Alfred Selwyn, W. H. Vondersmith, C. H. Gilbert, E. Powell, J. R. Redding, Wm. Nilbourne, Harry Chester, William Scribner, Jas. Brooks, and Joseph Downes. Business-manager, J. Benison Green. The orchestra, under Prof. F. A. Muller, is efficient. A few notes as to the building may not be amiss:

It is situated in Victoria street, and is three stories high, flanked by two pavilions rising above the general outline of the facade, and surmounted by a neat iron cresting. The main vestibule is 16 by 54 feet, and on the left are the spacious refreshment and smoking rooms. The greenroom is 24 feet square. For the size of the auditorium its seating capacity is extraordinary, an advantage which is gained by the fronts of the galleries far out over the parquet, giving the floors a very rapid fall toward the stage, and putting the chairs very close together—rather an inconvenience. In this way the regular seating capacity has been extended to 1,700, while it is said that by introducing camp stools it can be made to hold 2,000 people. The stage is 67 feet wide by 44 deep. The total height of the ceiling from the parquet floor is 58 feet. The opening of the proscenium is 35 feet wide and 35 high. The lighting is effected by electricity. The interior decorations are creditable, poor economy having been practiced to a great extent. The private boxes are very plain. The appearance of the whole interior of the theatre is somewhat disappointing. The acoustic properties, however, are fine; also the drop-scene, representing a view on Lake Memphremagog. The stage appointments are elegant.

Miss Gertrude Kellogg will make her first appearance 22, impersonating Mary Warner. Letter of Nov. 19.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY closed a successful five nights' season at Almonte, Ont., on Nov. 17, with "Richard III," to a large audience. In speaking of their recent performance of "Richard III," *The Carleton Place Herald* of Nov. 10 says:

But in his representation of Richard III we think Mr. John Townsend has no rival on this continent, perhaps not in the world. He seems to have so thoroughly studied that tyrant's character and disposition, and he so identifies himself with him, that the audience are entirely carried away by his impersonation of the bloodthirsty monarch, and, when the curtain falls on the hotly-contested combat, a deep sigh of relief appears to pervade the whole assembly. At the conclusion of the fifth act, loud and repeated calls were made for Mr. Townsend, who came forward and acknowledged the compliment.

Their route ahead is Brockville and Kingston, Ont., thence through Western New York.

MUSICAL.

"THE LITTLE FLOWER YOU GAVE ME," "Beautiful Girl of Kildare," "Bessie, Now Your Hair is Gray," "Dearest Mother," and other good first-part songs can be found advertised, with prices, in Roe Stephens' card in another column.

A SET of Swiss bells, five octaves, are offered for sale by J. E. Masters. See card.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS gave the opening concert of the Citizens' Lecture Course, Lonsdale, R. I., Nov. 19. They are billed for Hudson, Mass., 22, Gloucester 23, Danvers 24, Dover, N. H., 25.

CHAS. YARGER, second-violin and solo-alto, desires an engagement. See card.

BAND-LEADERS and managers are directed to Fred Tillotson's card, advertising for an engagement to play second violin, solo alto and double-bass.

THE "UNITED NORTH GERMAN BAND," under the management of H. Grau, gave a fine concert at Bridgeport, Ct., to a good audience, on Nov. 17. This band has but recently arrived in this country, and the express purpose of giving concerts in Philadelphia during the Centennial. It numbers forty pieces, and is led by Herr Gast.

MLLE. TITIENS has canceled dates at Cincinnati, O., and Columbus, on account of illness.

THE ITALIAN OPERA TROUPE gave two performances at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre Nov. 15, 16, appearing in "La Sonnambula" and "Barbe Bleue." The troupe left for Norfolk, Va., 17.

AT MRS. CHANFRAU'S VARIETIES THEATRE a splendid week's business has been done by the French Opera Bouffe troupe, which has added to its already extensive laurels, adding to much personal fascination a finely trained voice and chic and abandon of action. Miles. Nardyn, Dupare and Faye have also been the recipients of special compliment as artists. The operas of the week have been "L'Archiduc," "Madame Angot," "La Belle Parisienne," "La Grande Duchesse," and "Giroflé-Giroflá," which are to be repeated during the remainder of the engagement.

MISS ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS' Italian-opera Troupe will open at the Richmond (Va.) Theatre for one week, commencing Nov. 22.

BARNEY TOM is to perform in Portland, Me., Nov. 29, 30.

THE BARNABEE CONCERT COMPANY is to perform in Leroy, N. Y., Nov. 21, Cortland 23, Scranton, Pa., 24, Pittston 25, Wilkesbarre 26, Detroit, Mich., 27, Ann Arbor 29, Aurora, Ill., 30, Chicago Dec. 1, Champaign 2, Bloomington 3, Sterling 4, Rifle 5, Davenport, Ia., 7, 8, Paul, Minn., 8, Minneapolis 9, Rochester 10, Grand Rapids, Mich., 11, Buffalo, N. Y., 13, Geneva 14.

THE CAMILLA URSO CONCERT TROUPE is to perform in Titusville Nov. 24, Oil City 25, Franklin 26, Meadville 27, Girard 29, Erie 30, Painesville 30.

THE NICOLAO OPERA COMPANY will give concerts in Flint, Mich., 25, Lapeer 26. Sig. Nicolao is director; Maggie Lindsay, soprano; Mrs. F. Richardson, alto; Ed. Scovel, tenor; and John Bloor, bass. Their headquarters will be Detroit, Mich., and they intend giving two concerts each week in the interior towns during the season.

A LEADER of brass band is advertised for by E. A. Barnett.

ADELAIDE PHILLIPPS' Italian-opera Company performed four nights and one matinée at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., beginning Nov. 17, and were but fairly successful. The operas presented were "The Barber of Seville," "La Favorita," "La Cenerentola," "Romeo and Juliet" and "Il Trovatore." Their route ahead is Richmond and Norfolk.

MLLE. TITIENS was announced to sing at the Academy of Music, Baltimore, Md., on Nov. 16, but was prevented from doing so by sickness.

RICHARD ZECKWER and Emil Gastel, two well-known musicians of Philadelphia, commenced on the 20th inst., at Natatorium Hall, in that city, a series of instrumental soirees.

THE KELLOGG English-opera Company will inaugurate at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, on the 22d inst., a season of two weeks, opening with "Mignon." "The Bohemian Girl," "Il Trovatore," "Fra Diavolo," "The Rose of Castile," and "The Huguenots" will also be produced during their opening week, the last-named opera being presented on the 23d inst. for the benefit of Mr. William Hamilton, on which occasion Miss Annie Montague will make her first appearance in Philadelphia.

THE MEXICAN JUVENILE OPERA TROUPE is to appear in Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., during the week, in "The Grand Duchess."

THE WACHTEL OPERA, at the New Academy of Music, Newark, N. J., on Thursday evening, Nov. 18, was a decided success. The house was crowded to its utmost capacity by a fashionable and appreciative audience. Wachtel as Chaplion the Postillion was superb, and was ably seconded by Mrs. Wagner as the Hostess, Mr. Weberhorst as the Marquis De Corcy, and Mr. Franosch as Biju. The chorus and orchestra were good, and the whole representation was a very enjoyable affair.....The North German Band is billed to give a concert at the New Academy Nov. 22.

A B-FLAT CORNET PLAYER is wanted for Howes & Cushing's Circus band. Address same S. Robinson, as per advertisement.

LOUIS F. GOULLAUD of Boston publishes several new and popular songs, a list of which appears in our business department.

PROF. J. N. GOODALL JR., violinist, pianist and guitarist, with E. Tilton, accompanyist piano, are open for engagements. See card.

VARIETY HALLS.

MISS MOLLIE MILLS, the wife of Jerry Cavana, Dutch comedian, and a member of the company at the Trevolli Theatre, Peoria, Ill., since the commencement of the present season, died in that city Nov. 13, at 5 o'clock A. M., of typhoid pneumonia. On the night of her death the ladies of the minstrel fraternity performed a scene of mourning, and John A. Thompson, after a few remarks relative to the deceased, delivered the following lines:

In Memoriam.

Our little band, indeed, is sad,
For Death a call has given,
And bewed our hearts with sorrow down—
In grief we're all arrayed.
Unwarned, unbidden, beloved by all,
Is snatched from life away;
No more we'll see her face so bright,
Or hear her laugh so gay.
The vacant chair denotes the place
Where oft her form reclined,
But soon beneath the hardened ground
A resting-place we shall find.
May God, in all His tenderness,
Her faults, if aught, forgive;
And, in His heavenly home above,
With open arms receive.

HARRY PIERSON, burlesque prima-donna, who is recommended as an artistic vocalist by Howard Slade of the Boston Palais Royal Theatre Company, publishes his address in another column.

FRANKIE GONZALEZ, comic lecturess, advertises a new entertainment, entitled "The Centennial."

THE BRAHAMS, now engaged at Tony Pastor's, can be addressed care of this office.

VARIETY and dramatic stars are informed, through an advertisement, that there are a few open dates at the Front-street Theatre, Baltimore.

DELLA GONZALEZ, vocalist, publishes her address in another department.

MORRIS AND MENDEL, German vocalists and dancers, and Chas. Stanley, serio-comic, will be at liberty Dec. 6. Address care of this office.

HEYWOOD BROTHERS' COMBINATION will show at Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 23, Logansport 26, Lafayette 27, and Terre Haute Dec. 1. The organization is favorably noticed by Cleveland papers, as will be seen by extracts published among the advertisements.

AT THE BAY VIEW VARIETIES, Pensacola, Fla., at the date of our latest advices, the company included Fanny Moran, Flora Moore, Hattie Bell, Nellie Deane, Lottie Long, Johnny Pierce, Jimmy Collins, Johnny Donaldson, George Wild, and Master Bobby. Charles Evans is the manager, George Wild business and stage manager, and Prof. Augustine leader of orchestra.

AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE, Galveston, Texas, under the management of Bremond & Bronson, the following performers comprise the company: James McIntyre, Tom Heath, Ed. Lynch, John Fisher, Wm. Quayle, Amelia Dean, Emma Johnston, Dora Dawron, and the Misses McLain, Hayden, and De Witt.

THE MENDELS—Harry and Leonie—comedians and specialty artists, advertise their first open date as Feb. 7.

THE CENTENNIAL SONG entitled "The Stars and Stripes of a Century Ago" has been copyrighted by the author and composer, Harry Macarthy, who elsewhere notifies managers that all rights for stage representation are reserved.

GEO. F. MOORE, Ethiopian comedian, and Kitty Anderson, sketch and song-and-dance artists, are now appearing at the Bella Union Theatre, San Francisco, Cal., where they have met with considerable success in their specialties, according to an extract from the press of that city, published in their card in this issue, to which managers are referred.

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE VARIETIES, Hamilton, Ont., the company performing include Harry Moon, James Roberts, Harry Blood, Sidney Williams, Erwin Walbey, Miss Emma Lulu, and Miss Jennie Allen. A man to walk twelve hundred miles in the same number of hours is advertised for by the proprietors, Lafar & Ross.

LADIES' are wanted to travel with a minstrel company, also a lady and gent trapeze performers, a two and-men. See advertisement.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Odeon, Newark, N. J., on Nov. 15, were King Sarbro, John H. Carle and Winona Bridges, the last-named supplying the place of Maggie Bowers, who failed to come, as announced. Miss Bridges gave entire satisfaction in her selection of songs. John Carle rendered his "Lively Flea" and "It Almost Killed Me Dead" in his usual good style. King Sarbro's rope-walking and descent from the gallery to the stage on a single rope was a drawing card. Closures 20: the Foy Sisters and King Sarbro, to New York. To open 22: Lulu Delmay, Lew Spencer, John Williams and Barlow Bros.....The Metropolitan continues to draw large houses. A minstrel first-part has been given, and has met with but indifferent success. The new appearances Nov. 15 were Andre Christel and Emile Regnier, Mons. Leroux and Mlle. Emoclew, Bobby and Alice Daley, Fred J. Mackley, Mlle. Lauretta, C. C. Matthews and Ed. Leopold. Christel and Regnier gave some fine exhibitions of strength and skill; Leroux and Emoclew performed some highly pleasing single and double trapeze acts; Bobby and Alice Daley were well received, and gave satisfaction in songs-and-dances and musical sketches; Mlle. Lauretta, C. C. Matthews and Edward Leopold do a first-class "variety theatre," arrived here a few days ago. Immediately after ascertaining the character of the place, and the regulations which the proprietor proposed to enforce upon them as to boarding while in his employ, they very justly, as it seems, and positively refused to keep the contract made under false representations, and applied for employment at the Globe. The other man then attempted to enjoin them *a la* "Two Orphans," and the Court refused the order. He then proceeded against them criminally, and had them arrested on charge of obtaining money under false pretenses. At the trial they were promptly acquitted, and are now filling their engagement at the Globe. It is charitable to the Agency in New York to suppose that they were also deceived as to the nature of the house to which they consigned Misses Laverde and Revere. Advices of Nov. 17.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., attracted large audiences during the past week. The new arrivals were Jake Budd, Dick Clarke, Ione Lang and Laura Alberta. Miss Lang has made rapid advancement since her last appearance here, and is quite a favorite. Messrs. Clarke and Budd have been engaged for the season. The Poole Brothers reappeared 16, and will probably remain until the custody of their little brother Zanlo is determined finally by the United States Court in this city. The case will probably be called up and decided this week. The departures Nov. 20 were Laura Alberta, no immediate engagement, and the Winnetts, to New York. The announcements for Nov. 22 are Milton Nobles, Alonzo Schwartz and Fannie Burt.....The Avenue Theatre has done an extra large business, an excellent performance being given. The fresh appearances Nov. 15 were Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, the Parker Sisters, James Welch and Maude Lemoine, all of whom were favorably received. The departure Nov. 20 was Hank Cushman, to Front-street, Baltimore; Lottie Antonia and Miss Martha, to New York; Master Haney, Searles and Beggs lay off two weeks. The announcements for Nov. 22 are Goldie and Barry and Robert Hall. Fred. C. Harris is next week's stellar attraction, and will reappear on Nov. 22. Dated Nov. 21.

SIG. FRANCIS and Jos. Norton, jugglers, can be addressed care of this office.

LURLINE AND WATSON, in their aquatic specialties, have a few open dates, for which they can be engaged through H. S. Sanderson.

BABY BINDLEY, assisted by her father, Prof. Bindley, now performing at Tony Pastor's New Theatre, New York, opens at Troy 29 in her specialty of the Gobletonicon. Open dates can be secured by addressing as per card.

AT THE VARIETY THEATRE in Richmond, Va., business continues good. Mlle. Bertie and Chas. Fisher were the new faces at the Grand Central the past week. Mlle. Bertie shows to a good advantage in her songs and statue-business. Charley Fisher is an old favorite, and does a fine song-and-dance. Harry Woodson, having recovered from the injuries received on Oct. 25, appeared on the last three nights of the week. At the Theatre Comique Emma Gertnie appeared 15 and gave satisfaction. W. Malmburg, Fannie Dusne, Emma Minnetta and May Robins are announced for 22.

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THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., attracted large audiences during the past week. The new arrivals were Jake Budd, Dick Clarke, Ione Lang and Laura Alberta. Miss Lang has made rapid advancement since her last appearance here, and is quite a favorite. Messrs. Clarke and Budd have been engaged for the season. The Poole Brothers reappeared 16, and will probably remain until the custody of their little brother Zanlo is determined finally by the United States Court in this city. The case will probably be called up and decided this week. The departures Nov. 20 were Laura Alberta, no immediate engagement, and the Winnetts, to New York. The announcements for Nov. 22 are Milton Nobles, Alonzo Schwartz and Fannie Burt.....The Avenue Theatre has done an extra large business, an excellent performance being given. The fresh appearances Nov. 15 were Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, the Parker Sisters, James Welch and Maude Lemoine, all of whom were favorably received. The departure Nov. 20 was Hank Cushman, to Front-street, Baltimore; Lottie Antonia and Miss Martha, to New York; Master Haney, Searles and Beggs lay off two weeks. The announcements for Nov. 22 are Goldie and Barry and Robert Hall. Fred. C. Harris is next week's stellar attraction, and will reappear on Nov. 22. Dated Nov. 21.

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MCKEE AND ROGERS were the only new people at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week. They are great favorites here, and their friends turned out in good force. The entire present company closed 20, of which R. M. Carroll and sons go to New York, and the remainder travel the coming week under Manager Stalker, as published in last week's CLIPPER. For this week, at the Comique, the following are announced: Lulu Richmond, Charles White, Ed. Murray and Alice Brooks, the Revere Sisters, the Collins Brothers, Sig. Francis and Harry Miller. Dated Nov. 21.

A YOUNG MAN, who can do the banjo business in nigger acts, wants an engagement. Address F. P. X., care of this office.

JOHN E. INCE, character and burlesque actor and vocalist, now at Pastor's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., can be addressed as per published card.

MR. AND MRS. WHITTINGHAM and Master Newman, instrumentalists and vocalists, can be found advertised in this issue.

MLLE. DE GRAIVILLE, in her feats of strength, now performing at the Olympic Theatre, New York, and Venus and Adonis, juvenile velocipedists, can be addressed for open dates through their agents, E. W. Woolcott & Co. See card.

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TERMS.

Single copy, 10 cents. Per annum, $4.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

To clubs of four or more, a deduction of 20 cents is made from each yearly subscription.

ADVERTISING under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers incorporated in news department, 30 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor,
CLIPPER BUILDING Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

AMUSEMENTS.

FRONT-STREET THEATRE,
BALTIMORE, MD.
A few dates open for the best VARIETY AND DRAMATIC STARS ONLY. 35-1t

OPERA-HOUSE VARIETIES,
HAMILTON, ONT., CANADA.
Harry Wilton, James Roberts, Harry Blood, Sidney Williams, Ervie Walker, Miss Emma Lulu, Miss Tammieo Allen. Wanted, a man to walk twelve hundred miles in twelve hundred hours. Will pay salary or per cent. of proceeds of bar. LEFLAR & ROSS. 35-1t*

TWO LADIES WANTED BY a THEATRICAL TROUPE now organizing. Light parts, but dressy. Salaries low, but sure. Engagement for entire season. Address, with photographs and terms, J. C. STANLEY, Fairmont, W. Va. 35-2t*

NEW, NOVEL, ORIGINAL, ENTERTAINING.
"THE CENTENNIAL"
looked into by
MRS. FRANKIE GONZALEZ,
COMIC LECTURESS.
Managers, address 408 S. 7th street, Phila., Pa. 35-2t*

MINSTREL.—HARRY PIERSON, BURLESQUE QUEEN OF SONG.
BOSTON, Nov. 6, 1875.
TO MINSTREL OR VARIETY MANAGERS.—I take great pleasure in recommending MR. HARRY PIERSON to anyone requiring his services as possessing a pure soprano voice of great power and compass, and his make-up as a female is the best I ever had the pleasure of seeing; elegant wardrobe, etc. HOWARD SLADE,
Manager and Proprietor of Slade's Palais Royal Theatre Co., 90 Court street, Boston, Mass.
Address, HARRY PIERSON,
35-1t* 231 Marshall street, Philadelphia.

LADNER'S MILITARY HALL,
No. 636-638 North Third street, Philadelphia, Pa. Manager; PAUL SOMMERFELD. Good talent wanted. Write to the above for dates. 35-1t*

WANTED,
SIX LADIES, to travel with Minstrels. Must be good dressers and vocalists. Send photo. A lady and gent TRAPEZE PERFORMERS.
Also two good END-MEN. Take the road Jan. 1. Salary is low, but sure.
35-2t* Address OPERA-HOUSE, Altoona, Pa.

TO MANAGERS OF PLACES OF AMUSEMENT.—The first centennial song, entitled "THE STARS AND STRIPES OF A HUNDRED YEARS AGO," is copyrighted according to law, both title, words and music, and all rights of stage representation reserved by the author and composer, MR. HARRY MACARTHY. 1t*

SHOW PAINTING.
PANORAMAS,
SCENERY, ETC.,
PAINTED BY TUCKER BROS.,
35-1t* 78 Walker street, New York.

JULE KEEN,
SALLIE ADAMS,
WOOD'S MUSEUM, PHILADELPHIA, NOV. 15. 35-1t*

THE LITTLE FLOWER YOU GAVE ME, 35c. (sung by J. A. Harney, San Francisco Minstrels, with great success); Beautiful Girl of Kildare, 40c.; Beside now Your Hair is Gray, 40c.; Dearest Kathleen, 40c.; Don't Shut Out the Moonlight, 35c.; Dear Little Shamrock, 30c. All good first-part songs. Mailed free of postage. ROE STEPHENS, Detroit, Mich. 30-13t*

SWISS BELLS FOR SALE.
FIVE OCTAVES (NEW).
35-1t* 81 Muirson street, Cleveland, Ohio. J. E. MASTERS,

DELLA GONZALEZ,
LITTLE VOCALIST,
35-1t* 408 South Seventh street, Philadelphia, Pa.

WANTED.—A YOUNG LADY WOULD LIKE to apprentice herself to a respectable Circus Manager, to learn to perform with animals. Address CLARA RIVERS, Martinsville, Morgan Co., Ind. 35-2t*

FOR SALE.—Complete set of Marionettes, $50; also Punch-and-Judy set of figures (all English make), with a speaking mouth, $25. 1,136 York st., Phila., Pa.

TO LET.—The CAPITOL THEATRE, Albany, N. Y. Full stock of Scenery, Properties, etc. (4) Balcony private boxes, orchestra chairs, making in all a complete theatre; seating capacity, 1,400. Possession given immediately. Inquire of G. OPPENHEIM,
35-1t Albany, N. Y.

THE MENDELS,
IMMENSE SUCCESS AT VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, Louisville, Ky. First open date, Feb 7. 35-1t*

TALLY'S OPERA-HOUSE,
SHREVEPORT, LA.
FOR RENT TO COMPANIES AT LOW RATES.
35-2t* RICOU & GROUCHY, Lessees.

WANTED, 12 young ladies, for a variety entertainment that is entirely new. Address, with photo., starting lowest terms, J. F. COLEMAN, or J. H. BURGHOLD, Tuna City, Ia. 35-1t*

HARRY T. FOXWELL,
HAVING
GOT THROUGH AT THE FAIRS,
CAN BE FOUND
AT KNIGHTSTOWN, IND.,
where he has opened a fine Bar and Billiard Saloon, and intends to Winter among the Hoosiers. 35-1t*

WANTED,
A PARTNER WITH $6,000
TO GO TO SOUTH AMERICA RIGHT AWAY.
Address MARTINHO LOWANDE,
Brazilian Barback Rider.
35-1t No. 48 Foulkrod street, Frankford, Pa.

TOM FORD, TELEGRAPH ME at Lineville, Pa., immediately, if any graft
35-1t* JUD BARBER.

MLLE. CARRAGAN, THE LIVE ADVANCE AGENT, is now open for an engagement. Address in care BOX 82, Stamford, Ct. All letters answered.*

TO BAND-LEADERS
AND MANAGERS.
Would like an engagement to play
SECOND VIOLIN
AND
SOLO ALTO
with responsible show.
Address CHARLES YAEGER,
35-1t* Westerly, R. I.

GALVESTON, TEXAS.
TREMONT OPERA-HOUSE.
BRILLIANT
AND
SUCCESSFUL OPENING
OF THE
SEASON OF 1875-6.
Combinations wishing time in January will please address HENRY GREENWALL, Manager. Following dates open: Dec. 27, Jan. 3, Jan. 10, Jan. 17, Jan. 24. 34-3t*

VARIETY AND MINSTREL SINGERS
must use songs that take an audience. You can always rely upon what I advertise, as I select only those that are suitable. Look every week for my ad.
30-13t* ROE STEPHENS, Detroit, Mich.

WILSON HALL,
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA,
formerly Germantown Opera-house. Full stock of scenery, with 4 full sets of scenes. Seating capacity, 800. Population of ward, 30,000. Rent, $25, finding gas and heating by steam. G. BANKS WILSON, Prop'r-tor, Office Room No. 5, Wilson Hall. Washington F. Gamble, Agent. [33-13t*

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THE CLEVELAND HERALD of Nov. 12 says:
HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION gave a very amusing and pleasant entertainment at the Globe Theatre last evening. The company is made up of good material, and the members succeed in giving a varied and highly amusing entertainment, as will be testified to by the crowded audience that greeted them on their first and only concert; and when they come again this organization will be greeted with great cordiality.
THE CLEVELAND LEADER of Nov. 12 speaks as follows.
THE HEYWOOD COMBINATION played at the Globe Theatre last night before a crammed house, and the applause which greeted them was sufficient evidence that they had made a capital hit. A very rich minstrel and general programme was presented.
THE MARVEL OF THE EAST
will exhibit at Fort Wayne, Ind., Nov. 23, Logansport 26, Lafayette 27, Terre Haute Dec. 1. The old veteran Dog. Wm. H. Smith continues on the advance. 35-1t

NEW BELLA UNION THEATRE.
SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Nov. 4, 1875.

LITTLE SIG. MONTA---GUE.
When you answered MY EXPOSURE OF YOURSELF in THE CLIPPER, you only verified the opinion the public had already formed of you. You EXHIBITED YOURSELF to YOUR TRUE CHARACTER, and it is well for you to keep your name out of the papers in connection with this affair, as you are BECOMING TOO WELL KNOWN, AND YOUR WORDS IS NO LONGER TO BE RELIED UPON. YOU HAVE PROVED THAT YOURSELF. You accuse me of having procured statements from relatives and friends to support me in UNMASKING YOU, AND SHOWING YOU UP AS YOUR TRUE CHARACTER. I am proud to number the people you mention among my friends, for they are ladies and gentlemen and artists, AMONG WHOM YOU ARE SMALL AND INSIGNIFICANT, TO BE CLASSED. To show the public that the profession are disgusted with you, and have NEVER HEARD OF SIG. MONTA—GUE UNTIL HE ASSUMED TO PUFF AND BLOW HIS HORN, I insert the following letter, received from New York, three thousand miles from here, my present residence, and written by a GENTLEMAN and ARTIST, who is well and favorably known. IT IS A SHAME FOR THE PROFESSIONAL SYMPATHY YOU BOAST OF SO MUCH. I HOPE, FOR YOUR SAKE, THAT IN THE FUTURE YOU WILL REMEMBER THAT TRUTH WILL ALWAYS PREDOMINATE.
WITH CONTEMPT FOR YOU, Sig Monta—gue, I still sign myself
PAUL MARTINETTI,
only pupil and successor to the late Joseph Marzetti as ape impersonator.
842 BROADWAY, NEW YORK, Oct. 5, 1875.
PAUL MARTINETTI, ESQ.,
DEAR FRIEND.—In THE CLIPPER of this and last week I notice a controversy between you and a self-styled ape-performer calling himself Signor Ed. Monta. Having been in the theatrical profession during the last 40 years, and well acquainted with Mons. Gouffe, Hervio Nanio, Wieland (of London), and with your father and uncle—Julian and Philip Martinetti—from the time they first appeared in New York (when you were a mere child), also with the Ravels and Marzetis, I can corroborate the truth of your being a pupil of Mons. Marzetti, and, if I am not mistaken, you first took the part of the ape with your uncle and father at P. T. Barnum's Museum, corner of 7th and Chestnut streets, Philadelphia, and that you performed the part in Broadway a few years after, and continued to do so, in company with Monsieur and Madame Marzetti, who pronounced you at the only equal and representative of Monsieur. There are so many "scalliwags" stealing the title of legitimate performers, that it only wants a few veterans in the profession to have courage enough to put down these impostors. You may well ask who is Sig. Ed. Monta?—who is he? I do not know him; why don't he give his pedigree? The truth has been told by you—the Martinettis were partners of the Ravels, in their recent engagements at Niblo's and elsewhere, and you were advertised as Marzetti's pupil, and pronounced by the press as superior to your tutor. Everybody knows you, and this attempt to usurp your good name will only tend to injure your enemy and benefit you. It is an advertising dodge on his part, but the public will soon find out who is the "original." I should like to know who this Monta is, where he hails from, and his pedigree; then I can answer him. I respect all your family—none more so than your late Uncle Philip—and anything I can do to verify your good character as a gentleman and a performer, I will do. I hereby certify that Paul Martinetti is the only true and legitimate personator of the "ape" character, was a pupil of Mons. Marzetti, and has been appearing, to my certain knowledge, with the Ravel and Marzetti Family for 25 years, and is known in the Eastern cities as the only successor to Marzetti. I have voluntarily written this letter from reading THE CLIPPER. Sig. Ed. Monta, show yourself in your true colors, and don't take another man's good name away.
My wife desires her respects to you, having known you from a child. I remain, yours truly,
W. R. HARRISON,
Improvisatore, Vocalist and Comedian,
843 Broadway, New York.
35-1t

THE BIGGEST HIT ON RECORD OF
SCANLAN AND CRONIN,
at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Nov. 8, in their great (original) and laughable Irish sketch entitled
LIFE IN A TENEMENT-HOUSE.
Among the new stars who appeared at the Howard Athenæum last night were Scanlan and Cronin, two very clever Irish artists. They appeared in a laughable and new Irish sketch entitled "Life in a Tenement-house," which kept the audience in roars of laughter from the time they came on until they went off.—BOSTON HERALD.
Among the stars of the Howard Athenæum last night were Scanlan and Cronin, two of the finest delineators of Irish character that ever appeared in Boston. They appeared here a short time ago in a sketch entitled "Since Terry Joined the Gang," and met with big success, and on their return last night were the recipients of a fine reception; and well they deserved it, for their new sketch, entitled "Life in a Tenement-house," is one of the most original and laughable Irish sketches the patrons of the Howard ever witnessed.—BOSTON POST.
All letters addressed Theatre Comique, 514 Broadway, N. Y., where they are engaged for the season. 35-1t

GREAT EXCITEMENT IN FRISCO.
THE POPULAR AMERICAN COUPLE,
GEO. F. MOORE
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KITTY HENDERSON,
have made the biggest hit ever made by Eastern specialty artists in San Francisco, at the New Bella Union Theatre. Read the following press notice:
NEW BELLA UNION THEATRE.—This theatre was literally jammed last night by one of the largest houses of the season. We do not recollect of any artists ever receiving a more flattering reception on their first appearance than did Miss Kittie Henderson and Mr. Geo. F. Moore last evening. The applause was terrific and was well deserved. Miss Henderson, who has a very charming and pleasing stage presence, first appeared in a medley clog-dance, containing features not recently seen here, and it was enthusiastically encored. In the Dutch sketch of "German Emigrants" both Miss Henderson and Mr. Moore danced and sang well, and were recalled three or four times. Our impression, after seeing them once only, is that they will prove an immense success.
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